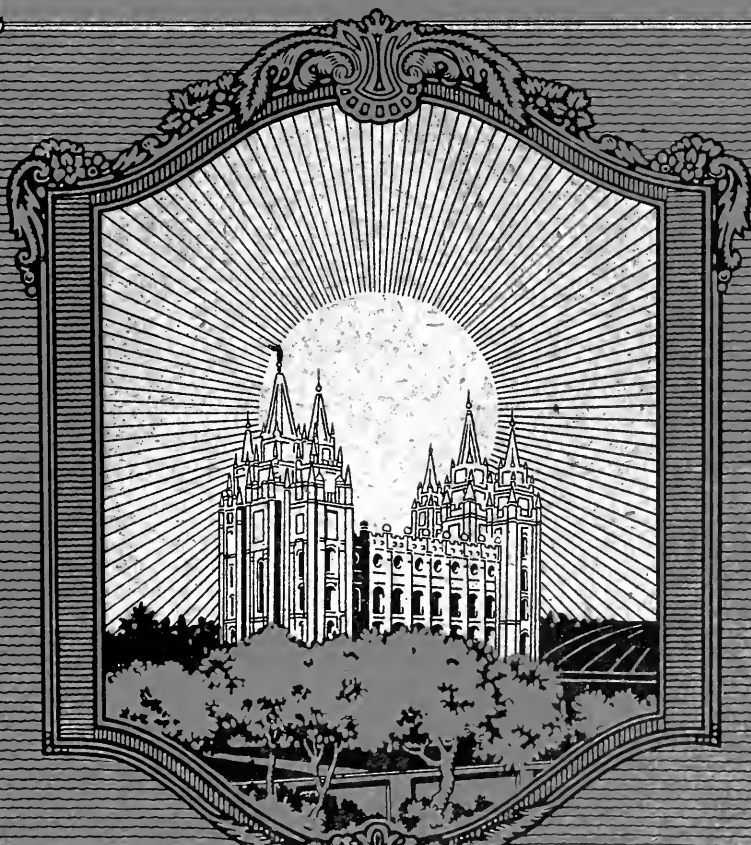


Improvement Era

VOL. 24

No. 2

DECEMBER, 1920



ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT
ASSOCIATIONS, AND THE
SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH
OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER
DAY SAINTS



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Being Great

By Douglas Brian

Every man longs to be great in one way or another. I do not mean famous—the words are often confused. But greatness, true greatness is desirable to every man. It requires three things to attain greatness: *talent, opportunity* and *work*.

I do not believe that a man ever was, is now, or ever will be, born without talent. I believe that every man can do some one thing better than his fellows. It may be that the outlaw displays the same native shrewdness and bravery that marks a Washington or a Pershing. Perhaps the boisterous rowdyism of the ruffian, if properly directed, would prove to be the raw material of which the manly force and power of a Roosevelt was made. It is not the lack of *talent* but the lack of *development* that handicaps us.

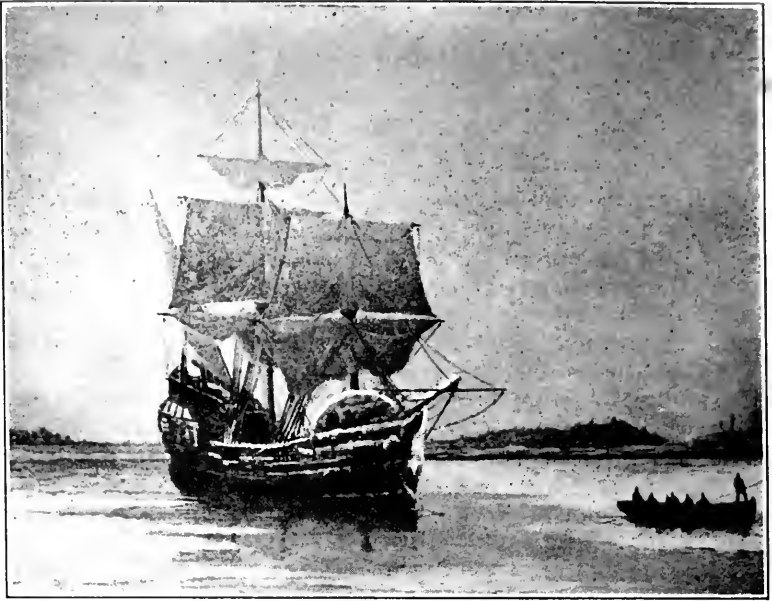
Talent, without the opportunity to display it, is useless. Gray says:

“Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

That is true but, I fear, too many of them were “flowers” for whom God had provided a way to walk from the desert to a place in the hearts of men held only by those who serve. Opportunity comes but once and that is, not when you are fostered by a king or nestled beneath the wing of a great man, but when you say, or fail to say, *I will!*

And now comes work. Ah, that is the stumbling-block. Patience, perseverance, service and many other things are stepping stones to greatness but they all involve good, hard, solid work of some kind or another. That is the thing we toss about like a leaf on the billows. We justify our neglect of it in many ways. Some have poor health—some have enough talent to make work unnecessary—some are waiting for the opportunity to work but, fool ourselves as we may, the work is there and *must be done*.

And so I say. Find and *develop* the talent which you have. Say *I will* with a determination and fervor that will stem the full tide of discouragement and opposition. Then *work*, my friends, and *you'll be great*.
Ogden, Utah.



From the painting by Halsell, now in Plymouth Hall

THE "MAYFLOWER" IN PLYMOUTH HARBOR

The vessel in which the Pilgrim Fathers, the first colonists in New England, sailed to America, in 1620. It was a vessel of 180 tons, a mere barque compared with the present leviathans of the seas. The *Mayflower* set sail from South Hampton, England, August 5, in company with the *Speedwell*, her sister ship. The courage of the captain and crew of the latter vessel failed, and both ships returned to port. On September 6, the *Mayflower* alone set sail, with forty-one men and their families aboard, 102 persons in all. During sixty-seven days of stormy voyage, they succeeded in crossing the Atlantic, and landed at Plymouth, Massachusetts, at a point where Plymouth Rock, a huge granite boulder, stands, at the water's edge, on December 21, 1620. A complete and authentic list of the forty-one heads of families is printed in Professor Lewis' article; and besides these and their families, there were fifteen male servants as follows: Carter, Coper, Ely, Holbeck, Hooke, Langemore, Latham, Minter, Moore, Power, Sampson, Story, Thompson, Trevor, and Wilder.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

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The Pilgrims and the Utah Pioneers

By Prof. B. Roland Lewis, Chairman of the State Committee for the Utah-Pilgrim Tercentenary Celebration

The Coming of the Pilgrims

If you were to journey to Massachusetts today and were to go out on the long fish-hook shaped point of land known as Cape Cod, you would find on the low sandy sea shore a little village called Provincetown. In this little village, on November 11, 1620, the Pilgrim Fathers, after a most trying voyage of sixty-seven days, first set foot on American soil and thus founded the great American nation of which you and I justly are so proud. Forty days later, on December 21, 1620, the Pilgrims stepped ashore at Plymouth Rock and actually made the first permanent settlement; but Provincetown must ever be granted first claim as the place where the Pilgrims actually first planted foot on this continent.

And even the Pilgrims were not the first white folk to step ashore at this point, as many are wont to believe. It was not an entirely unknown land. An early record shows that Thorvald and his daring crew of Icelanders landed here in 1004. Here it was that he lost his good ship in the treacherous sands of Provincetown; and here it was that, in a savage encounter with the Indians, he was mortally wounded by an arrow. Knowing that his end was near, he charged his crew to bury him in the place "where we repaired our ship and place a cross at my grave and call the place Cape of the Crosses." Another record shows that Bartholomew Gosnold visited this place on May 15, 1602, (more than eighteen years before the Pilgrims came); and, when a cod fish was caught by one of the crew, he named the place Cape Cod. And in 1614 (but six years before the Pilgrims arrived) Captain John Smith, that doughty English-

man whose life was saved by Pocahontas when her father, Powhatan, was about to execute him, explored this region.

The actual spot on which the Pilgrims first stepped ashore remained unmarked until 1917 when the Research Club of Provincetown erected a small granite slab on which is a bronze tablet bearing the inscription that on this spot the Pilgrims first touched foot on American soil. Today the patriotic citizens of Provincetown lay claim that "The Nation Was Founded Here."

During the forty days that passed before the Pilgrims made their permanent settlement at Plymouth some few miles away, many interesting things occurred. It was in the little land-locked harbor of Provincetown that the immortal "Mayflower Compact" was written and signed in the cabin of the *Mayflower*. It was here that Perigrine White, the first English child born in New England, first saw the light. It was here, also, that Dorothy, the wife of William Bradford (afterwards Governor Bradford) was accidentally drowned in the bay and her remains never recovered. Here, too, they built a small vessel; and Captain Miles Standish marshaled his little valiant army of sixteen men (there were only forty-one adult men in the entire company that numbered but one hundred and two souls) that explored the new country and protected the colonists from the savages. Here it was the Pilgrims found a good supply of the purest spring water; and here it was that they appropriated to their own use a secret cache containing a supply of excellent Indian corn. Later, when the Pilgrims were finally settled, they paid the Indians for this corn.

Here, then, upon the present site of Provincetown our Pilgrim fathers made their first temporary abode on American soil, had their first encounter with the Indians, first tasted Indian corn, first drank of the delicious, cold spring-water. Moreover, they experienced the joy of the birth of a child in their midst a month after their arrival in Cape Cod bay, and felt the pangs of sorrow at the death of the wife of William Bradford. And above all, here, in the little dingy cabin of the *Mayflower*, the now world-famed "Compact" was framed and signed, a document upon which the whole idea of democratic government and free institutions was founded and, as Edward Everett Hale once said, an instrument as important in our national life as the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

The Pilgrim Women, too, played their part. In the struggles of the hour, they were not found wanting. They shared the burdens of the new life equally with their male companions.

They carried water, endured the pangs of suffering from cold and hunger, helped to care for the sick, prepared the scant food, erected temporary shelters from the bleak November storms, and "cleaned the linen of the *Mayflower*"—the first wash-day in America. Thus the entrance of women into the life of our great country began with arduous toil. And today we rejoice and are exceedingly glad for the priceless inheritance of honest toil!

History often speaks of the Pilgrim Fathers, but it is all too seldom that one finds any reference to the Pilgrim mothers. How they must have suffered during that terrible winter in that strange and savage land; how they silently must have longed for home. They were ill clad and ill equipped against the rigors of so severe a climate, and their spirits often must have been cut to the quick. Yet with courage and patience to endure to the uttermost they, like the noble and God-fearing women that they were, by their heroic conduct contributed a legacy to the young women of America equally as significant as that contributed by the Pilgrim Fathers to the young men of America. They established the faith, devotion, and courage of true motherhood on American soil!

The Pilgrim Mother

The Pilgrim Father's task was one
That lusty manhood joys to find—
Adventure toward the setting sun,
And irksome custom left behind.

What man with red blood in his veins
But longs to come on unknown lands,
Untrodden forests, trackless plains,
And build new empires with his hands?

His task was joy. But what of her
Whose feet were made of gentler ways—
Whose pulses only fear could stir
Of lonely nights and savage days?

The Pilgrim Father's heart was thrilled
With High Adventure's wine and flame;
The Pilgrim Mother's heart was chilled
With grim foreboding—but she came!

Rear ye the nobler monument
To her whose simple faith sufficed
For martyrdom—who was content
To give up all and follow Christ!

—Edwin Meade Robinson

The "Mayflower" Compact

"If I were to have my way in celebrating the Pilgrim Tercentenary," said Elihu Root, "I would place into the hands of every boy and girl in America a copy of the 'Mayflower Compact' and then require that it be committed to memory." A statement like this, coming from the source that it does, causes us to halt and ponder. We are impelled to want to know who the Pilgrims were and what ideals and institutions they expressed in the world-renowned "Compact" that so significant a statement should be made concerning it.

In 1608, twelve years before the Pilgrims landed on American soil, they joined their common interests and left England to live in Leyden, Holland, where Jan Van Hout, the Dutch burgomeister, signed the official permission for the Pilgrim Fathers to reside. The Pilgrims were impelled to leave England because of what to them was the high-hand tyranny of King James I, particularly in his regulations and directions in religious matters. Those stern old fathers, steeped in the faith and principles of their sires, could brook no arbitrary mandates or restrictions concerning those things that, to them, were their own personal concern and their own individual right by natural inheritance. Freedom of individual religious conviction and practice was theirs by natural right; and no man, not even a king or a government, could deny or abridge that right. To them governments were instituted not to give rights that were already theirs by nature, but to protect and safeguard those rights for the individual and for the common good.

The Pilgrim Fathers were sober and stern to the last degree. They took life seriously. More than ten centuries of Anglo-Saxon blood and of Anglo-Saxon ideals and institutions flowed in their veins and functioned in their daily conduct. They had inherited the traditions of their race. Above all they could not countenance any superimposed authority except that of their own setting up; nor could they brook any restrictions of the individual independence at the expense of others. In a word the three fundamental precepts of the Anglo-Saxons were (1) a *deep sense of fair play* or the *sanctity of individual right*, (2) an *abiding sense of the common good*, and (3) *absolute obedience to law* once they themselves had instituted that law. On these three points the Pilgrims had the uncompromising convictions of their forefathers. Authority they were eager to obey, but it had to be of their own delegating; laws they rigidly observed, but they had to be of their own making. Every man, whatever his breeding or social prestige, voiced himself in the councils of the group and whatever was done was always done

for the common good. They were democratic with a firmness that was born of the deepest conviction.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that when James VI of Scotland, who became James I of England in 1603, began to advocate the idea of Divine Right of kings and took measures to prescribe in matters of religious belief and observations, that those serious-minded and democratic Pilgrim Fathers felt that their most sacred institutions were being encroached upon. It was not so much that they did not believe in the precepts and ideas promulgated by James I, it was not so much that they did not observe the rites of the Church of England as James I ordered, but it was because the king insisted upon superimposing his authority in religious matters that the Pilgrims were impelled to quit their much-loved England. With characteristic Anglo-Saxon firmness and sobriety they would not endure any superimposed authority that had not been of their own choice and will.

"The actual difference between the Pilgrims and the Puritans was that the Pilgrims were Separatists and sought the New World in order to have freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences, while the Puritans desired no separation from the church itself only from the abuses of the church, and sought only to reform it. The Pilgrims were the first advocates of freedom of conscience and believed in a free religion as an act of obedience to God only."

Holland, in many ways, was a most excellent place in which to make a livelihood; but the Pilgrims, after twelve years of residence there, were losing their identity among the Dutch inhabitants. They were English; and English they wished to remain. They were losing their nationality, and sooner or later they would lose their fundamental ideals and institutions. Their children were learning Dutch ways, marrying into Dutch families, learning to use the Dutch language instead of using their native English. Nothing daunted, under the leadership of William Brewster they left Holland by the way of Delfshaven and passed over to Plymouth, England, from which place, after some delay, in September, 1620, they set sail for the New World.

It is to be noted that not all of the one hundred and two souls that sailed were Pilgrims; a number of them were rough and hardened sailors from Plymouth and London whom the Pilgrims had hired to bring over the *Mayflower*. It is also to be kept in mind that their charter was from the London-Virginia Company and that their intended landing place in the New World was on the Deleware river, then a part of Virginia territory that had been settled at Jamestown thirteen years be-

fore. After a very rough voyage of sixty-seven days, and after adverse November winds that had blown them northward far out of their course, the little band found themselves off the coast of Cape Cod, Massachusetts, on November 11, 1620.

Because they had landed far north beyond the Virginia territory, some of the sailors and others who had become disgruntled, insisted that their charter no longer functioned as their governing authority. There was dissent, questioning of authority, secret planning to seize the *Mayflower* and escape, leaving the Pilgrims to the perils of a savage and unknown land. Some wished to return to England, others to Virginia; others hoped to reach Guiana. The more sturdy Pilgrims desired to land and make a settlement.

In the midst of these cross-purposes and secret connivings that threatened to disrupt the little band, it was finally decided to submit an agreement as the basis of their future government. And it was in this way that aboard the *Mayflower* in Provincetown Harbor the immortal "Mayflower Compact" came into existence on November 11, 1620. Here follows both the "Compact" and the names of the forty-one adults who signed it:

The "Mayflower" Compact

"In the name of God. Amen. We, whose names are under-written, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereigne Lord, King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britaine, France and Ireland, king, defender of the faith, have undertaken for the glory of God and the advancement of the Christian faith and honour of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the Northerne parts of Virginia; doe, by these presents, solemnly and mutually; in the presence of God and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civill body politick, for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enacte, constitute, and frame such just and equall laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meete and convenient for the general good of the Colonie, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cap-Codd the 11th of November, in the year of the raigne of our sovereigne lord, King James of England, France, and Ireland, the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fiftie-fourth, Anno. Dom. 1620."

John Carver,
William Bradford,
Edward Winslow,
William Brewster,
Isaac Allerton,
Miles Standish,
John Alden,
John Turner,
Samuel Fuller,
Christopher Martin,
William Mullins,
William White,
Richard Warren,
John Howland,

Steve Hopkins,
Degony Priest
Edward Tilly,
John Tilly,
Francis Cook,
Thomas Rogers,
Thomas Tinker,
John Rigdale,
Edward Fuller,
Richard Clarke,
Francis Eaton,
James Chilton,
John Crackston,
John Billington,

Moses Fletcher,
John Goodman,
Thomas Williams,
Gilbert Winslow,
Edward Margeson,
Peter Brown,
Richard Britterage,
George Soule,
Richard Gardiner,
John Allerton,
Edward Dotey,
Thomas English,
Edward Liester,

If you will read this compact carefully, you will be impressed with the fact that the three important principles in it are the very identical three precepts devotion to which had impelled the Pilgrims to leave England for Holland. In this document are the very same ideals and institutions that have always been so fundamental in all Anglo-Saxon and Pilgrim life. It is to be noted that in the first place they were to enter into a "covenant" in which they "combined themselves together into a civill body politick." Under such a covenant the rough and untutored member of the group was to have as much right and voice in affairs as did the educated and cultured John Carver, the governor. Here we may see the Anglo-Saxon sense of fair play. In the second place, it is to be noted that they "from time to time" were to "frame such just and equall laws * * * as shall be thought most meete and convenient for the general good of the Colonie." Here is the Anglo-Saxon concern for the common good. And in the third place, laws once made, they "promise all due submission and obedience." And here is the Anglo-Saxon sense of obedience to whatever by common consent they set up to be the laws and precepts of the land.

Thus in the "*Mayflower Compact*," really the first written form of a free constitution of a free and liberty-loving people, were established on American soil those very same Anglo-Saxon ideals and institutions that for more than ten centuries had been the great underlying motives of our mother country, England. And it is to those doughty Pilgrim Fathers of 1620 that our modern American life owes its liberties and its free institutions!

The Landing of the Pilgrims

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed:

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and water o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—

They shook the depths of the desert's gloom,
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim-band—
Why had they come to wither there
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

—Dorothy Felicia Hemans

Utah and the Pilgrims

Utah heartily welcomes the Pilgrim Tercentenary. The year 1920 is as glorious in our state history as the year 1847 when the pioneers entered great Salt Lake valley. We look upon the year 1920 as a golden opportunity to pay noble tribute to those sturdy Anglo-Saxon Pilgrim forefathers to whom the people of Utah owe so much and to whom they are so closely and so directly linked.

Perhaps only the people of Massachusetts can point with greater pride to the Pilgrim Fathers than can the people of this great state. It is a very truth that many of the people of Utah are among the spiritual sons and daughters and real blood descendants of the Pilgrims. Notwithstanding the highly cosmopolitan nature of the population of Utah today, as varied as that of any commonwealth in the land, the back bone of Utah is essentially of the staunchest New England Puritanism in its more wholesome and rigorous sense of morality, recti-

tude, and justice. We of Utah point with just pride to our inheritance from the Pilgrim Fathers.

If you will consult the roster of the names of the pioneers who came into the Great Salt Lake Valley, in 1847, and in the years subsequent thereto, you will find therein some of the very same names that are found in the list of passengers who landed at Provincetown and Plymouth, Massachusetts, in the 1620's. The blood of many a Pilgrim, by direct descent, flows in the veins of many a citizen of Utah. In the very communities in which you reside, are persons now living whose ancestry goes back directly to those doughty New Englanders.

And once more read the list of names of the men who signed the "Mayflower Compact" and you will find some of the most prominent family names in the State. Bradford, White, Hopkins, Brown, Soule, Gardiner, Williams, Martin,—not to mention others. And when we think of such prominent family names in our midst as Grant, Snow, Bullen, Crockett, Young, Hatch, Allen, we are reminded at once of their direct blood relation to the very best families of early New England. The very life of the people of Utah has its roots deep in the life and traditions of the Pilgrims. Yankee thrift, intelligence, sincerity, and common sense are fundamental qualities here.

Few of us adequately realize our indebtedness to the Pilgrim Fathers. The very same Anglo-Saxon institutions—the *keen sense of fair play, the wholesome and abiding sense of the common good, and the unswerving obedience to law*—so effectively expressed in the "Mayflower Compact," combined with a love and deep regard *for the soil, for the home, for the church, for the state, and for the school*—which our forefathers founded in America at Provincetown and Plymouth in 1620, were founded and permanently established in the inter-Rocky Mountain district by the doughty pioneers who came to Utah in 1847 and in the years immediately following. The ideals and institutions of the Pilgrims are the ideals and institutions of this great commonwealth of which you and I are so proud. The very civilization that we so firmly believed in, those very liberties and free institutions that we so thoroughly enjoy today, the very hopes and aspirations that motivate us to higher and nobler endeavor, are a priceless inheritance to the men and women of Utah direct from our Pilgrim fathers!

University of Utah, Department of English

The "Star's" Christmas Feature

By Frank C. Steele

The constancy of a mother's love was beautifully demonstrated in the devotion of Jane Burton to her absent son, Howard. For five years, lonely, barren years, she had waited, watching with hungry eyes the arrival of every train from the east. And for five years she had turned away from the window of her little, white-washed cottage in tearful disappointment.

"Will little Howard ever come back to his mother?" she would say, over and over, as she went about her simple household duties.

Since her son's departure for a great eastern city, where he hoped to make his fortune, a blank had come into her life. He was all that she had. Her husband had died shortly after the boy's birth, bequeathing little to his loved ones save the rocky, fifteen-acre farm and a name respected throughout the country.

Howard had written regularly for about nine months, but after that the letters came at irregular intervals. Finally, they stopped altogether. The last short message bore a postmark that she could not decipher. The village school teacher told her it was Copenhagen and that it was thousands of miles over the sea.

The months grew into years. Still not a line from Howard. But never once did Jane Burton despair. She just knew Howard would return some day. Each Christmas she would prepare a dinner as near like those of the old days as possible. But the feast of wonderful Christmas dainties prepared for the absent son remained untouched, and the following day the children of the village filled their healthy stomachs at the table of dear old Grandma Burton.

And now another Christmas was approaching. Would he come home? Would he remember her—and understand? She prayed, as many a mother has prayed for a lost son, and her prayer was to be answered through one of those marvelous operations of destiny encountered in the strange currents and undercurrents of life.

It was the evening of the twenty-first of December. The city streets were thronged with hurrying people. A light snow was falling, the fluffy flakes whisking merrily into the faces of the pedestrians. The Christmas spirit was in the air. Every-

body was smiling and carrying mysterious packages of varying sizes and descriptions. Even the ragged newsboys, whose little forms showed the pinch of poverty, seemed to catch a ray of happiness as they gazed, round-eyed, into the shop windows laden with toys and good things to eat and gaily decked with holly and mistletoe and pine.

Four stories above the wet pavement Max Fullerton sat pounding the keys of a typewriter. He was night editor of the *Star*, and was just then preparing some editorial copy for the morning edition. He was alone in the editorial room. The reporters were out covering their runs, and Everett, the assistant editor, was closeted in a down-town hotel with a certain politician from the state capital. Quiet reigned in the office, save for the click of the typewriter, and the distant rattle of the machines on the floor below.

Fullerton had been on the *Star* for ten years. He was really the brains behind the paper. He loved his work which meant that he threw into it every ounce of energy and brains he had. In fact, he had grown so much a part of the big machine that in ten years of service his annual holiday never extended over a week at a time. When Fullerton would speak of a couple of months off, the chief would only smile, slap the broad shoulders of the younger, and shrug his own significantly. Max had, therefore, in late years dismissed the subject entirely. What enjoyment in life was there anyway, he cynically argued, beyond beating one's rivals, and occasionally throwing the city into a fever of excitement by means of a rattling typewriter, a cackling linotype, and a rumbling newspaper press?

But the lines on Max Fullerton's face showed plainly that night. He looked wan and worried. His eyes were dry and heavy. He had laughed when the cub had told him that he was getting gray and cranky, suggesting that he try matrimony as a means of stemming the threatened decline. But the laugh was forced—and Max knew it.

He worked steadily for an hour. Sheet after sheet of copy was taken from the machine. Then the clicking ceased. The newspaper man scanned the pages with a trained eye, made a number of corrections, and silently handed them to a youth as sphinx-like as himself. Then he turned to a pile of letters waiting on his desk to be opened.

There were letters of many descriptions. He opened them hurriedly. Out of long, yellow ones, emblazoned, "News, Rush," he drew more pages of copy, news of the suburban towns.

There were several letters still unopened. Casting a hasty glance over them, he was about to push the lot into an open drawer when his eyes fell on a soiled envelope bearing the stamp

of an obscure post-office in the far West. Fullerton was a native Westerner. In fact, his people lived not more than a hundred miles from this very place.

Perhaps it was curiosity that forced him to pick up the letter and open it. As he did so he glanced at the watch on his wrist. Time was passing. A short, fat reporter blew in like a lake storm, tore off his dripping overcoat, and was soon hammering a Remington as if his whole life hinged on the job.

The night editor did not notice him, for by this time he was engrossed in that soiled letter from the West—actually wasting time to read a letter written in pencil and on both sides of the sheet and in a hand scarcely intelligible. He finished, but still stared at the crudely written lines.

"Hank," he at length said to the youth who had quietly entered the room, "Tell Green to come here at once."

Green hastened up from the composing room and stood beside the paper-strewn desk.

"Did you wish to speak with me, Max?" said Green.

"Yes, Bill, I do. Bill, I hold in my hand a smashing human-interest story—a mother's letter to her lost son. Bill, it's got feeling, soul, heart, everything. It's a Christmas feature that will 'go over,' or I'm no judge of 'stuff.' Bill, this letter is a cry to the pleasure-mad multitudes of this city buzzing around the white lights like moths. I want it run on the front page. If we had time for Allison to make a drawing it would double its value, but the story must appear in the morning. Bill, it may find him, and he may reach the old lady for Christmas. Do you 'get me,' Bill?"

When Fullerton left the office of the *Star* the next morning he went straight to his apartments. As he walked up the avenue the newsies giggled, for Max Fullerton, notorious grouch that he was, was actually humming an old Sunday school song. And—would you believe it?—his face was wreathed in a broad smile, a face which ordinarily was as destitute of smiles as is January of roses.

"Good morning, Mrs. Williams! I'm going home for Christmas, going home to visit the folks. A Merry Christmas to you. Say, Mrs. Williams, I feel like a kid this morning."

This was how Fullerton greeted his landlady. He almost swept the good dame off her feet. She started to reply on recovering from the first shock, but Max was gone, and the sound of hurrying feet above brought a chuckle and a smile to her prosperous-looking face.

It was but the work of a few minutes to pack suit-case and bag. And Max could do a small job in a hurry. But there was one job that he disliked. That was breaking the news to old

Engelhart, the managing editor, and to—Leona.

Fullerton, for once, thanked Providence for the telephone, the innocent little creature he had fumed at so many times during the busy hours at the office. He was never a fluent speaker, but his appeal over the 'phone that morning made even the chief melt.

But Leona—well, she was so disappointed, and all that sort of thing, that Max grabbed his suit-case and bag, hailed a taxi, and in due time stood at the door of his lady-love's castle.

Never had Leona seen Max more determined. She smiled at his earnestness twittingly advising him to give up journalism for law. Max grew impatient. Leona debated. Could she sacrifice all those good times planned for the holiday week? It would be so hard to do—and yet there was a novelty about this proposed western trip that was attractive. Then, too, she did want to meet Max's people. He had never told her a great deal about them, but she was sure they must be nice. Max would be along, too. And that decided the issue. Cupid scored another victory, and the fair Leona was soon preparing for the journey, humming the while a strain from one of the operas.

"Max!" cried the pleased Mr. Engelhart, as the party climbed into the waiting motor car; "you might look up the old lady when you're out there, and give her a Christmas gift from the firm."

And he tossed an envelope to Max.

Thirty minutes later the Pacific Limited rolled out of the yards carrying in Pullman Number Five Max and Leona who at that moment were scanning a railway folder. Across the aisle sat Leona's mother, who, after some tactful persuasion, had consented to join the party.

And as Max and Leona argued good-naturedly over the hazy timetable in Pullman Number Five, back in the city in a tiny oyster and chop house on Canal street, a sailor, just in from foreign parts, waited to be served.

"Paper, mister?" piped a newsboy, displaying his wares, his hungry eyes looking into the face of the sailor.

"Nope."

"Ah, come on, mister, buy a paper—please. Me dad's dead, and I 'ave a muther to keep, and just tink, mister, it's Christmas—and—"

"Here, boy."

And the sailor pushed a coin into the lad's palm taking the bulky newspaper with the other.

Disinterestedly, he scanned the headlines. Then he paused, looked up strangely, then back at the printed page. His meal was served. But the sailor's eyes were riveted on the paper.

When he did look up his eyes were wet and his hand trembled.

"Bad news, Jackie?" asked the little pale-faced waitress kindly.

"Nope. Good news, miss."

"And has yer uncle died, Jackie, and left you a pot o' money?"

"Nope, miss, nothin' like that. Just a mother waitin' for me out West, miss, as she's waited these four years past—waited like only mothers can wait, miss."

And he pointed to the paper.

"And it's actually your own, real mother, Jackie?"

"Yes, miss. And ain't I the poor fish, miss?"

"You're worse than that." Then: "She must be a wonderful mother, Jackie."

"She is—the best in the world, miss, and I know 'cause I've seen it all."

"And you're going home for Christmas, Jackie?"

"Leave this afternoon. Got to, to make it."

The girl's eyes were swimming now.

"I've got a mother, too, Jackie."

"Shouldn't wonder."

"And I haven't seen her for a couple of years. I tried to save enough money to get home this Christmas, but nothin' doin'. Jackie. A workin' girl can't get by these days. You see, I took the 'flu,' and then the high cost o' livin', and everythin' a—"

"Hard lines, miss."

And the sailor finished his meal, and as he turned away from the counter he slipped a greenback under his plate.

"Goodbye, miss, and a Merry Christmas."

"Goodbye, Jackie, I'm glad you're goin' home to your mother!"

And the sailor was soon swallowed up in the crowd.

* * * * *

A hundred miles from the city the Pacific Limited whirled westward.

"How happy those girls seem, Leona! Doesn't it make one feel good to see other folks happy? You know, dear, I have just discovered in the last few hours that Christmas has a spirit—and that spirit is good cheer. Good cheer, Leona, and thoughtfulness for others."

It was Max Fullerton who spoke, addressing his remark to his lady companion, as they sat in Pullman Number Five.

"Yes, Max, I feel the same—just downright happy. I'm so glad we're making this trip to your old home, Max, dear. How happy it will make your dear, sweet mother."

"Happy, Leona! Why mother will never get over the surprise. It will seem like the good old days of childhood returned. I wonder if I'd better wire them. No, let's make it a grand Christmas surprise."

In the seat ahead two young ladies, evidently employed in some business house of the city, were chatting idly. The theatre, movie stars, clothes, late dance steps, and a host of other topics, dear to the feminine heart, were severally discussed and disposed of.

"Say, Bess," one said presently, "what ever put it into your head to leave the lights during the holidays? I thought your case on Chet would have queered any Christmas trip."

"Do you really want to know, Kate dear? True, I had promised Chet I would stay in town and dine with him at the Savoy. But Kate dear, I couldn't after—"

"After what, you sentimental little goose? Listen to me, Bess, if I were as strong with Chet as you, nothing could make me trail for the homestead."

"Stop, Kate. It's wrong to talk of your old home like that. I've done it, I know, but for the last time. You asked me why I'm going home to spend Christmas with mother, the mother, Kate, that slaved to keep me in business college. This is what did it, Kate."

She fumbled in a dainty handbag, and extracting a crumpled newspaper clipping, handed it to her friend.

Max Fullerton, who saw the incident, understood. There was a new thrill of joy awakened within him. Perhaps it was professional pride, but be that as it may, it was none the less sincere. The *Star's* front page Christmas feature had reached the people. Yes, it had even reached Howard Burton. But Max did not know that until ten days later when he visited a certain little, white-washed cottage in which he found a swarthy sailor boy telling an old-fashioned mother of the strange lands and peoples across the seas.

Raymond, Alta, Canada

Finding God in Millersville

A Personal Experience

A Plain Man's Story of How He Found More Than He Had Lost

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"COLONEL," I said to him, "do you believe that we will ever live again after we are done living here?"

I shot the question right out of a clear sky, as we were sitting one day in his office, in Chicago. He is the largest jobber in our trade, and is under no particular obligation to be nice to me. On the contrary, I am under obligations to him; he handles more than one hundred thousand dollars of our product annually.

He looked at me for a moment as though to be sure he had heard correctly; then he nodded to his secretary to leave the room. And that man, who is considered the hardest proposition in our business, and who probably has not put his foot inside a church since his wedding day, sat and talked with me for an hour and a quarter about religion.

After twenty-four years of pretty strenuous business life I have come to the conclusion that there are two subjects on which the average man will always talk—his own family and religion. Preachers who complain that men are not interested in religion either don't know how to talk to them, or they haven't ridden much in the smoking compartments of Pullmans. I have heard, in those little smoke-filled dungeons, discussion that would do credit to a theological seminary.

And so we talked, there in that quiet office, in the way that men do who have thought things out for themselves; but I found, before many minutes had passed, that while I had asked the original question, soon it was he who queried and I who answered. Indeed, in some strange way I found myself telling him of the doubts and struggles I had fought through in reaching firm ground for my convictions. I could see he was deeply interested, which may have been the reason for my speaking more freely than I had intended when I asked that simple question.

At the close of our talk the colonel said, "Thornton, you ought to write that experience of yours just the way you've talked it."

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"Bosh!" I said; "I'm not a writer."

"That's just why you ought to do it," he insisted; "a writer would spoil it—he'd do it too well. You'll just talk it right out; and there are a million men like me that'll read it. There are millions of us in this country who have discarded the ready-made religion that our mothers fitted us out with, and who have been hewing away blindly, trying to make a religion for ourselves. Go home and get your stenographer and write it."

On the way back, on the train, I made up my mind that he was right.

I know I run the risk of being called a crank; but any man who has gone through the sort of a mill I have in the past fourteen years will acquit me of that charge. Fourteen years ago, when I took over our business, it had been wrecked and piled up in the ditch. Last year its net profits were forty-two thousand dollars; three-fifths of it mine. Cranks are not born; one must have much time to become a crank—time to devote to reflection and indignation. For fourteen years my barber has come to my office every morning, I did not have time enough even to go out for a shave.

I HAPPENED to be born in Syracuse, New York, forty-nine years ago. My mother died at my birth; my father was one of those men cursed with an unhappy color blindness, to whom all near fields appear parched, all distant fields green. Had I been left in his care I should probably have been weakened by pneumonia in the Yukon, as he was, and died of typhoid on my way to the Mexican silver mines, as he did.

Fortunately, he could not be bothered with me; the chase was too swift. I was early sent to my grandmother, who lived alone on a farm near Hobbs Corners, this state. Under her direction I grew up in hard labor and the literal fear of God.

The Corners was the center of a considerable farming section, a couple of hundred families living about it within a radius of five miles. They were pure-blooded American stock, hard-working, unimaginative, intolerant people who had "got right with God." No care-free laughter was heard in Hobbs Corners on the Sabbath nor, indeed, on any other day, except around the livery stable and poolroom—corridors of hell.

The deep religious spirit of the community protected it from card playing, dancing, and most forms of wholesome amusement, but not against a bitter, malicious gossip. We kept every jot and tittle of the law but we never learned to love our enemies, the Baptists. Life in Hobbs Corners was a bitter trial, imposed upon us by a just God, who might, perhaps, at its close, admit us grudgingly into heaven.

My grandmother strove earnestly to instil in me a fear of this God: she succeeded in making me hate him.

At fifteen I left Hobbs Corners and went to the county seat and got a job. I shall call the town Millersville for the purposes of this story, and myself Thornton, and our business the Millersville Cutlery Company. Gordon Miller, president of the company, was a business man of fine type. He had some private faults, but he had also the essential man's virtue—honesty. He taught me that my word must be as good as my bond. He could tolerate any mistake in judgment, any lapse in duty, anything except a lie. And being honest, with himself as well as the world, he could be neither a hypocrite nor a liar nor a snob.

THE record of my first ten years in his employ might be written by any other business man who started young with no favoring influence except a determination to succeed. I worked long, hard hours; and gradually my pay and my responsibilities were increased. For a few months after my arrival in Millersville, I went regularly to church, in obedience to a promise exacted by my grandmother. But, strange as it may seem, my very association with a good man, Mr. Miller, influenced me greatly against religion. I worshiped Gordon Miller, who kept his promises. I had no use for God, who did not.

All around me I saw hard-working, honest men and women building their lives on those promises, and meeting one disaster after another. "Trust in the Lord and do good," said the Bible, "so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

In all Millersville there was no man who lived more sincerely in the spirit of that injunction than John Hamblin. His life was a daily record of unselfish service for the poor and afflicted of the town. Did he dwell in the land? He did. Was he fed? He was not. Four years in succession the Providence which he served so faithfully sent blighting winds across his fields at the very moment when they would do the most harm. They could not have been timed more accurately by the devil himself. Four years, when John needed a bit of help from Providence, destruction was dealt to him instead.

Did John curse God? Not much. Every Sunday he was found in his place in the family pew, kneeling humbly before heaven and confessing his utter unworthiness to be allowed to live.

"A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand," said the Bible to the faithful, "but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked." That is a clear-cut promise.

Yet when the diphtheria stalked our streets no child of the

local saloon-keeper, Tom Higgins, was struck down; only the three children of Joe Mason, the squarest, most loved man in town.

If Joe Mason and John Hamlin did not protest in their hearts against this perfidy of Providence, I protested for them. I made no public declaration; but I was through with religion, none the less. I ceased going to church. For the rest of the years until my marriage, I led the care-free life of the majority of unattached young men.

A DAY came when Gordon Miller died. I do not like to remember that day, nor the chaotic years that followed. Suffice it to say that the business, in the hands of his son, passed from profit to the verge of bankruptcy in a very few years. Almost all businesses, I have since discovered, are merely the extension of a big permeating personality; no matter what their resources, nor how great their lead over their competitors, they fall rapidly into ruin without a head. Any man who tells me that there is no personality within and behind the universe, that it merely happened and runs itself, will have to begin by explaining to me the bankruptcy of the Millersville Cutlery Company after the death of Mr. Miller.

The creditors looked the situation over, they decided to continue the business, and offered me the chance to acquire a three-fifths control, provided I could discharge the company's obligations and put it on its feet again. In that task I buried the next few years of my life.

One afternoon late, as I was preparing to leave the office, my secretary spoke to me:

"Jimmy is dying, Mr. Thornton," she said.

"Jimmy? Jimmy?" I repeated vaguely. "Who's Jimmy?"

"Your office boy," she said; "the little freckle-faced boy who came here a year ago."

I remembered him then—a bright little chap, one of a dozen in the outer office who ran our errands. I don't think I had ever known his last name. I felt a quick tinge of pity.

"Send some flowers," I said, "and have Doctor Fowler go over there and—"

"I've done that," she answered; "but, Mr. Thornton—"

"Yes?" I was in a hurry.

"He wants to see you."

"Me? Why, Miss Stone, you know that's impossible."

"But he's asked for you all day. He's dying, Mr. Thornton. Couldn't you—"

"Give me his address," I said. "I'll go over."

My car was at the door, and fifteen minutes later we drew

up in front of the poor little two-family house where Jimmy lived. His mother and father, a day laborer, and four unkempt children were gathered in a smelly, sobbing group about the bed. Jimmy cried out to me feebly as I stepped in.

"Mr. Thornton—I wanted to see you. I wanted to tell you, I done the best I could, Mr. Thornton—"

I sat down beside the tumbled bed and took his little fevered hand in mine. His mother threw herself distractedly upon the floor beside me. Doctor Fowler came in, touched the boy's head professionally and drew away again. And so—and so—with his hand in his boss's—Jimmy Egan died.

I left some money with the father and promised to come back the next day. Fowler and I went out together.

"Sad case," I said. I was vaguely disturbed, and it seemed that I must say something. I wanted Fowler to break into the sort of talk I was accustomed to—to say it was decent of me to come down to give the money. To my surprise he turned on me almost savagely—old Fowler, whom I had known for years, to whom I had paid fees of hundreds of dollars.

"How much fresh air is there in that abominable hole of yours, Thornton?" he demanded.

I was thunderstruck. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. How much fresh air do the people get that make your profits for you? How much sunshine? Do you know what killed the kid? No air; no sunshine; long hours in a dirty hole of a factory. How many days did your people lose last year on account of bad health?"

"Why, darn your impudence, Fowler—why, I don't know—"

"Well, if you want my advice, you better find out. Here's my corner. Tell your man to stop. I've got another of your crowd to dose up before I go home. Good night."

HE was gone before I could say a word to him. Instead of driving home, I sent word to Mrs. Thornton not to expect me for dinner. I dined at the Miller House alone. And after dinner I walked out through the district where the employees of the Millersville Cutlery Company lived, out beyond the town, under the stars. And all the time it seemed to me that Jimmy's voice pursued me, and Jimmy's eyes shone through the darkness into mine.

What happened in the next year or more I shall have to sketch very briefly: Jimmy's people had no notion of laying Jimmy's death at my door; on the contrary, they were profuse in their gratitude to me for the help I had given. They sent me a little snapshot of Jimmy in an ugly gilt frame. That

snapshot, in all its pristine ugliness, stands on my desk beside the picture of my wife and boys.

As fast as I could, I remodeled our plant so as to let in both light and sunshine. The money that I had planned to put into redecorating our own home went into some shower baths for the men. On my own initiative, I closed the plant on Saturday afternoons except in the busy season, and shortened the other days an hour. I became interested in what other fellows in our line had done to make their factories attractive, and formed a secret resolve to have ours the show place of the cutlery business.

It became a matter of pride with me: I looked forward to the day when the trade paper would send men to write me up. It was pride—but there was something else that at first I hardly understood. Gradually, as I got nearer to my people, they began to move in closer to me. Sanderson, the foreman of the shipping-room came in one day, hat in hand, and said he wanted to talk to me about sending his boy to a technical school. Old Molly, one of our packers, knocked timidly one afternoon just at closing time, and, blushing and stammering, wanted to know whether I thought any doctor could cure her varicose veins.

"I have to stand on my feet so much, Mr. Thorton, and you understand, I don't want to bother you nor nothing, but you've been so good to the men, I thought perhaps—"

I was becoming a sort of father to the whole three hundred of them. I called myself a fool, but I liked it none the less. Something had waked up in me that I did not suspect was there. If any man had accused me of being philanthropic, of letting my "better nature assert itself," I would have denied the charge indignantly.

"It's just good business," I would have said. "I help to keep 'em efficient, and they work harder." Nevertheless, I knew it was more than that—much more.

WITHOUT realizing it until long afterward I had made my first great religious discovery. I had discovered my fellow man—my brother.

It was about this time that I became more or less interested in reading the Bible. My youngsters in Sunday school were studying the New Testament, and their questions were embarrassing. I had a vague remembrance of some parts of the New Testament from my own Sunday school days, and my impressions of Jesus of Nazareth, joined together, would probably have read something like this:

Jesus of Nazareth was a rather weak-faced young man who

claimed to be God. He spent three years preaching in Palestine, surrounded by a group of emotional women. He was once taken onto a high tower by the devil, who jeered at him and dared him to throw himself down. Jesus, although he claimed to have miraculous power, neither accepted the challenge nor threw the devil down. When tried before the Roman governor, he said: "If I wanted to, I could call ten legions of angels to destroy you and rescue me." But he did not make good. He left many sayings, among them, "If a man smite you on one cheek, turn the other also."

This wasn't an attractive picture; I hated to pass it on to my boys—at least until I had verified it. So I set to reading some of the books that professed to interpret him to us, among them Thomas Hughes' *Manliness of Christ*. I didn't expect to be interested; to my surprise, I was. Gradually, an entirely new picture of Jesus of Nazareth took shape in my mind.

I came to picture him first of all as physically strong. His first thirty years were spent in swinging an ax and pushing a plane; his last three years were occupied almost continuously in tramping from one village to another and sleeping out of doors. He had "no place to lay his head." On his first trip down to Jerusalem his ears were full of the complaints of the simple peasants against the graft and oppression of the priestly gang at the Temple. He was young and unknown, a poor peasant. Yet he strode in among that gang of robbers, and with a rude little whip drove them in terror before him out of the Temple. You can't make me believe that he could have done that unless there was iron muscle behind that little whip, ready to back it up.

As I got to know him better I conceived a real admiration for Jesus of Nazareth, coupled with an intense surprise that in all the twenty centuries that have elapsed since he lived, his Church has never shown him to the world as he really was. My admiration at first was merely the sort that Napoleon felt for him. Without armies or influence, as Napoleon pointed out, he had conquered the world and erected an empire that has outlasted all others. Mine was merely that sort of admiration to start with; but it deepened as my study went on. I came to marvel at the perfection of his life—his magnificent self-possession, that was not lost even when they awakened him in the midst of a storm that threatened the ship; his mental supremacy over the keenest minds of his time, and his spiritual grandeur.

So, gradually, I made my second religious discovery; I discovered Jesus of Nazareth.

A PSYCHOLOGIST, I suppose, would be able to trace, step by step, the process that was going on inside me, and set it down with scientific precision. I can't. I only know that I went on with my reading and thinking. I took a good many long walks alone. It has been said that no astronomer can be an atheist. However that may be, I know, at least, that nothing seems to lift me out of myself like an hour or two alone under the stars. To think that each one of those tiny points of light is a sun as big as or bigger than our sun and that round it circle whole systems of worlds like ours—the idea rocks my mind a little; but I come back to it again and again and each time it serves me as a never-failing source of spiritual stimulation.

It takes a girl in our factory about two days to learn to put the seventeen parts of a meat chopper together. It may be that these millions of worlds, each with its separate orbit, all balanced so wonderfully in space—it may be that they just happened; it may be that by a billion years of tumbling about they finally arranged themselves. I don't know. I am merely a plain manufacturer of cutlery. But this I do know: That you can shake the seventeen parts of a meat chopper around in a washtub for the next seventeen billion years and you'll never make a meat chopper.

All this time I was really wanting to believe in God, but I didn't quite dare. I'd trained myself for thirty odd years never to accept any conclusion until I had the facts to back it up, and I hated to commit myself to something that couldn't be actually proved. So I kept working along with my people at the factory, doing what I could to be a sort of father to them. The closer I got to them, the more I admired them. The amount of love, and patience and simple faith in the average lowly man and woman has become to me nothing short of marvelous. Men whom I have always regarded as rather slow-witted, ordinary fellows, I found to be real heroes when I got under their skins. All the enthusiasm that I had put into building up our business I put into trying to build those fellows up, to helping them make the most of themselves. Human personality became to me the most marvelous and precious and wonderful thing in the world.

Then, suddenly, one Saturday afternoon, when I was alone in the office, it flashed across me that I had the proof I was looking for. The world might have created itself, I said to myself, but the world couldn't have created something greater than itself. The creature can't be greater than the creator. And human personality is greater than the world. * * * To create personality there must have been personality.

So in my own office in Millersville I found God. What

kind of a God is he? How does he act? I can't claim to have any special knowledge on questions like those. But I have an idea that Jesus hit about right. God can't be any worse than I am, for he created me and gave me whatever ideas of goodness I have. I wouldn't operate the sort of hell and heaven that people have given him credit for, and I know he wouldn't either. I've found out that I'm at my best when I'm being a sort of father to my three hundred folks, helping them along the best I can, trying to give them a chance to make the best of themselves. And that's what Jesus of Nazareth has told us God is, a Father—Father to all the world.

On days when I was all tired out I used to say to myself: "What a hopeless mess it is, this living. It's a rotten game played with loaded dice. We're put here, each with some spark of foolish egotism that makes him believe his life is vastly important. We struggle through to the end, and in the end find—nothing. Why should anyone bring a son into so senseless, so answerless a world?"

I don't feel that way any more. The happiest times in my life are when I find someone among my folks who really appreciates what I'm trying to do, and who turns in and tries to help. Having that in mind, I am ready to believe that He must have smiled for a second on that Saturday afternoon when I found him in my office here at Millersville.

At least I like to think so. I like to picture him, big, powerful, with the heart of a woman. Big enough to hold the worlds in his hand, and tender enough to care for every sparrow, working in his world, wanting to make it better, but able to make it progress only as fast as he can get fellows like me on his side. If that picture of him is true, if he really needs me as a working partner, then that's the answer to the riddle. My life really is as valuable, as important, as worth-while in the world, as I have always wanted to believe it. He needs me; that's importance enough.

I haven't joined the Church yet, but I have an idea that I shall. There's a new minister in town, a young chap, and while his mind is pretty well spoiled yet with Old Testament ideas, he is young enough so that I have hopes of him. I have made him a proposition that if he will drop that Wednesday evening prayer meeting, which has been dead for twenty years, and organize a Boy Scout club to meet on that night, I will go on his board of trustees. He's young, and eager to be of some use in the world, and I think I may make a pretty fair Christian of him yet, in spite of his bad start.

In his heart he thinks, of course, that I am not a regular Christian, though he's too polite to say so. But he doesn't

know that God is a working partner in the Millersville Cutlery works; that he attends a directors' meeting every night. For making our three hundred people happier we have a thousand plans that we haven't sprung yet, because to work them out will require time.

No prayer meetings are held in our plant, but there's a smile on every single face in it. And I've come to believe that the real symbol of religion is just that—a smile.

That's the story, sketchily and badly told, but true. There's only one thing to add, and that is I'm glad my grandmother passed on to what she was always speaking of as her "reward" five years ago. A story such as this would have seemed to her so irreverent as to endanger my chance of eternal salvation. But it does not seem to me irreverent to take Him at his own estimate, to talk with him and about him familiarly. He has said he is a Father; surely no father wants his children to tremble at his name.

But grandmother could never have realized that. Her God sat on a golden throne, thundering his wrath against the wicked, and visiting trials upon the righteous to test their devotion. By no possible feat of faith could she have pictured him as I do, working side by side with me, talking with me about my problems, smiling, yes, actually laughing as step by step we make our three hundred people happier—loving, counseling, fighting for better men and women, right here in Millersville.

Up To Me

It counts so little who I am, or when I live, or where,
It only counts me how I live and do my daily share.

It means so little what I plan, or what my dreams portend.
If, after all, my hands should fail to serve some worthy end.

It does not matter what I have, or what it takes to live,
If selfishness precludes my plan, and I have naught to give.

It matters little what I know, and nothing what I boast,
It only matters how I grow, and fill my measure most.

It doesn't matter what my faith, or what my caste or creed,
It only matters how I work, and how God scores the deed.

It need not matter what my friends or enemies may say,
But much, O much, it matters how I live my little day.

Bertha A. Kleinman

Mesa, Arizona

A Visit to Missouri

By Dr Seymour B. Young

On my recent visit to the site of Haun's Mill Massacre, Shoal Creek, Clay county, Missouri, I was more than ever impressed with the wonderful faith and patience displayed by the little band of exiles fleeing from Kirtland, Ohio, seeking a home they knew not where, engaged in a journey on which there was no prospective ending in sight. A Mr. Haun had established a mill on Shoal Creek some nine miles northeast of Far West and here this small colony of homeless "Mormons" encamped with the thought of obtaining a few days' rest for themselves and their teams. Mr. Haun, a kindly-hearted man, employed several of the men about the dam and race belonging to the mill and by this means they were enabled to increase their scanty stores of provisions for the company, while Warren Smith, a blacksmith by profession, engaged in repairing their wagons and shoeing their horses and in these ways, quite a busy hum of new industry was given to the hitherto little sleepy Missouri town. Some of the brethren bought lumber from the sawmill, which Mr. Haun ran from the same water power that furnished his grist mill. With this lumber they erected small shanties for the protection of their families. Fall season was approaching, and nights were already getting cool, and it was thought the company might stop here during the winter, and then resume their march to the west in the early spring time. However, on the evening of September 28, 1838, this rest and seeming security was interrupted by the sudden appearance of an armed mob of 200 mounted men, armed with guns, who, as soon as they came in close range of the "Mormon" camp began shooting at the men who, with no arms or means of defense, began running into the brush and timber for shelter from the shots of the attacking party, while twelve of the brethren, with two little boys belonging to Warren Smith, the blacksmith, sought shelter in the log blacksmith shop where he was at work.

The mob soon encircled this building, however, and, placing the muzzles of their guns in the openings between the logs, shot every one of the twelve men who were utterly unable to defend themselves. After they had all been shot, excepting the two little boys, Alma and Sardius Smith, who, seeing their father fall with the first volley, crept under the bellows beside their dead father, one on each side of his body, to hide themselves from the sight of the miscreants who continued pouring their deadly missiles into the little helpless band in the shop. As

soon as all were apparently killed, four or five of these villains entered the shop and proceeded to punch each fallen "Mormon" with the muzzle of their guns to see if life were left in any of them; finally they reached the place where lay the dead body of the blacksmith under his own bellows, and his two little boys beside him. Little Sardius Smith, six years old, on being punched was found to be alive and the little fellow said, "Please, Mr., don't shoot me, I'm only a little boy, I can't hurt anybody." The villain answered him saying: "Nits make lice," and, placing his gun against the back of his head, blew the top of his head off; then he killed the older boy, Alma Smith, who was lying on the far side of his father's body.

Another villain fired a shot into the boy's right hip, shattering the bone and tearing away the flesh and covering of the joint, so that, although the wound did not prove fatal, it took years of nursing of a fond and noble mother to bring about his restoration. The following morning dawned clear and bright but for some hours after sunrise no life was seen in that little camp of "Mormon" emigrants. After a while the mothers and children began calling for their husbands and fathers, but alas! there was only a response from five or six men. These had gained, the night before, a more secure hiding place in a not distant grove of timber. What a horror met the view of the widows and orphans, as they gazed on the remains of the dead in the old blacksmith shop and also the other four who had been shot down, on the outside, before they could gain a place of safety. The sixteen dead bodies of the men and one little boy, Sardius Smith, were gathered and tenderly laid in a trench prepared around an old dry well, and there securely covered with mother earth. There their remains are still resting, awaiting the call that they shall surely hear from their God, "Ye murdered Saints of Haun's Mill massacre, come forth to receive a martyr's crown, and your mutilated bodies to be restored to you crowned with eternal youth and beauty, and life everlasting."

This terrible event, however, seemed to have left the faith of the remaining members of that little band of Latter-day Saints unshaken, for after a few days of rest and prayer, the brethren who had escaped the massacre, gathered up the widows and the orphans, and with their own families resumed their journey westward. After crossing the state of Missouri, they reached the Mississippi river near Quincy, Illinois, some time in the winter of 1838-39. Crossing the river they found a resting place for a season, with the kind-hearted people of the city of Quincy.

Thoughts of a Farmer

By Dr. Joseph M. Tanner

The lambing season is always an important one with the shepherd. It requires unusual care and strict attention to business. The best of judgment is always exercised, and even then the losses are likely to be considerable. A common practice is to keep the ewes with lambs separated as much as possible for a period of ten days, until the ewes can recognize the lambs by their bleat. At first, they are recognized through the sense of smell. On my sheep ranch in Canada, I have a special field where I collect my ewes and lambs when the lambs are about seven or eight days old. Here I can handle as many as two hundred ewes with their lambs.

We find it very helpful and very profitable to feed the ewes oats during the lambing period. These oats are put in small troughs, and the sheep are then turned out of the enclosure. They rush for the oats and eat them very rapidly and afterwards chew them, as we say, "chew their cud." The ewe, therefore, that does not get to the trough early, or that leaves it for any reason, not only deprives herself of valuable food, but stunts her lamb through insufficient milk. Sometimes the lambs will frolic about, and the ewes leave their feed to run after them. It is necessary, therefore, to see that the lambs are kept close to the mother and near the trough. Sometimes they break loose and run away, and there are always some members who will leave their feed and follow the lambs. Again, there are ewes that stay by the trough till the last kernel is eaten.

As was usual with me, I took a man over to this small field to assist me in rounding up the lambs and keeping them near their mothers. One morning one of the lambs broke away and ran a considerable distance. The ewe left her food and started wildly after her lamb. My assistant became excited and was angry, remarking, "You are a good mother, but an old fool."

It would be highly unbecoming to make a comparison between a human mother and a ewe mother, but the thought comes to one's mind, in wondering whether there are not many human mothers who unconsciously do their children wrong by over-indulgence and by following momentary impulses that belong more to animal than to human life.

Do we lead our children, or run after them? Do we keep them near us, or do we allow them to draw us away from what is an important duty in life?

Yielding to these momentary impulses and the desire to be constantly in pursuit of our children, really violates the law of discipline and the saner requirements of life. It is easy for us to become impulsive, and thereby irrational, unwise, and unfitted to exercise proper discipline over our children.

Jim's Test

By Elsie C. Carroll

(Concluded from p. 29, November number)

"Oh, I'll ride back too."

"No please, don't! I'd rather speak to him alone."

"Why, Jim, what is the matter? Why are you trying to get rid of me?"

"I'll catch you again in ten minutes. But please don't come back," and he rode away and left her staring after him, a troubled look coming into her own face.

"Hello, Jim," greeted Mr. Mathison cordially. Jim had always felt a little in awe of Mae's father, but more so than ever during the last year since he had come to recognize what the change in his feelings toward Mae meant. "I suppose the boys have gone on to the camping ground?"

Jim tried to steady himself for the ordeal, but he felt his limbs quivering.

"No, I—believe they are waiting for you. Mr. Mathison—" he choked a little; then he went on with a brave effort: "There are—we counted the sheep and there are two hundred and fifty more than your permit specifies."

The older man looked at him in a puzzling manner, and there was a pause before he spoke.

"That so? Well, I don't suppose a hundred or two makes much difference. The feed seems specially good this spring." Jim choked again.

"But—they say it does make—a difference." Jim became more wretched every second. "It's the law, you know. We are not to let any more than the permits allow onto the reserve. I had to count them, and I'll have to insist on—your taking them back," Jim persisted with a little more spirit. Then a queer look came into the older man's face.

"Oh, of course. I see. You must do your duty, Jim, in the eyes of the law at least. I realize that. I had forgotten. Branson told me how to work it in order to protect my own rights and—the rangers' position. I'm sorry, Jim, to have caused you this unpleasantness. Of course, we'll take those extras right back." Jim was plainly puzzled, more by Mr. Mathison's manner even than his words. He was sure there was a double meaning in what he said, but he did not grasp it.

"If you don't mind, Jim, just ride on ahead and tell Alex to take the herd on over to the bed ground and have Hal bring the extras back this way."

Jim rode away, still rather bewildered, but by the time he overtook Mae he had argued himself out of his misgivings. He could not conceive of Mr. Mathison doing anything that was not open and above board. That there had been extras was due to the carelessness of his men. It was his own troubled state of mind that had caused him to see anything in the interview to worry over.

By the time he reached the girl his own face was as radiant as her's had been.

"You are to be my guests tonight at the station," he told her. "You don't know how I've been house cleaning and getting ready for you."

"Oh, so you had to be conventional and invite Dad and Aunt Sarah first, did you," she pouted.

"By jove, I forgot to invite them at all." But we'll leave word with Alex."

When Jim had delivered his message and had helped Hal get the extra sheep started back toward the lowlands, he and Mae rode gaily toward the station cabin. He allowed the anxiety of the previous hours to slip away from him entirely and enjoyed the grandeur of the mountain with his childhood chum to the utmost.

"Do you know what we are going to have for supper?" he asked as they drew nearer his quarters.

"Fried venison," she replied smacking her lips and giving him a mischievous wink.

"Not on your life," he retorted a bit warmly. "What kind of ranger do you take me for?"

"I only supposed you were like the rest of them. Mattie Parkin said when they were out with Tom last summer that they had venison for every meal and that when they went home they took a whole sack full of turkey."

"Things have changed since last summer," Jim replied soberly. "This reserve is being run on the square now." He felt like warming to his subject, but thought perhaps she would not understand, so he said:

"No, we are not going to have fried venison, but strawberry shortcake—that is, if you'll make the cake. Think of that for a camping-out dish. I spent two hours this morning picking wild strawberries down on Strawberry Flat and I've had Tad Barton's cow here for three days so I've plenty of cream saved up. You know Tad is a ranger farther over on the mountain. He's going to bring his family out soon and sent old Jersey on ahead. Come on, let's hurry and get the short cake made before the others get here."

That evening at Jim's cabin was a gay one, as were many of

the succeeding evenings over in the Mathison camp at the old sawmill. Whenever his work would permit Jim would ride over in the evening to spend a few hours with Mae and her Aunt. Life had never been quite so well worth the living as now.

One afternoon a few weeks after the arrival of the Mathisons on the reserve, Tom Parkin paid Jim another visit.

"Thought maybe you'd quit before now," remarked Jim.

"No, I decided to stay on just to help out in the fight."

"What fight?"

"Why between Norton and the people. He thinks he's going to run things just to suit himself, regardless of how much it means to the cattle and sheep men around here. Some of us have figured that if there isn't one way to get justice there's another!"

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Jim groping vaguely and with rising misgivings for Tom's meaning.

"Well, just for an example: When Naylor's brought their cattle on my range a week or so ago the old guy came over to the drift fence where we are supposed to count them in from the winter range, just as if he couldn't trust me. Naylor and I have always been good friends. He's helped me out many a time when a friend came in mighty handy and well, I'd given him to understand that there'd be no trouble. Well, with Norton there of course we had to count. Naylor's went a few above their allotment, just as they've always done—just as they've come to think they have a right to do as long as there's plenty of feed and decent men to deal with. But my! what a howl the big boss raised; threatened them with fines and jail and I don't know what. Naylor naturally felt pretty sore until I had a few private words with him that cheered him up considerable.

"Well, he took his extras back next day as docile as even old Norton could ask; but—well we don't have to count again for some time and well—whose fault will it be if those cattle just accidentally drift back into the herd?" Tom laughed in huge enjoyment. "George, I think I saw a bunch of 'em drifting in the next day with one of Naylor's men behind 'em. Oh, it's a great scheme we've hit on for pulling the wool over the old boy's eyes and giving justice to the people," and again Tom's laugh shook the cabin walls.

Jim's eyes grew dark and troubled as Tom's meaning became unmistakably evident. He was indignant and shocked at the open perfidy of the thing. He had always scorned the thought of being a traitor to his friends—but well, he knew he could not carry such a secret long from his employer. Then another thought burst upon his troubled consciousness. That, then, was the meaning back of those puzzling words of Mr. Mathison on the day his sheep were counted in. Jim tried to

banish the thought. He could not bear to think of Mae's father as being one of the unscrupulous clique who were corrupting the forest service system: Yet, try as he would, he could not get away from the haunting fear.

Jim spent a sleepless night trying to figure out just what he should do and how he should do it. Mr. Norton's grim, troubled face rose constantly before him and he felt growing sympathy for this man struggling against all odds to maintain the right. On the other hand, there was the enigma of Mr. Mathison—always considered by Jim, an ideal of honor, and Mae—he groaned inwardly at the thought of causing her pain.

The next day he went to the observation tower on his return from his riding circuit. He expected to get back to the station early and go to the Mathison camp, hoping that something would occur to relieve his anxiety. He had not seen Mae for three days, nor her father for more than a week.

He made his customary observation from the tower, satisfying himself that the range was free from fire, and was about to descend when a gleam of white away to the northeast caught his eye. He stood staring at it until he was sure it moved. Slowly but surely it was coming toward the north entrance of the Mathison range.

A feeling of sickness crept over the boy as its possible significance came to him—the Mathison extras being brought back in.

At last he arose resolutely and descended the steps. There was a possibility that he was mistaken. It could be a bunch of lost sheep from the opposite corner of his division—from Jefferies', or Thornton's herds. There was but one way to find out—ride to the Mathison camp and count the herd. What was to happen then he did not care to think. If he had been mistaken in his suspicions, all well and good; if not—. His jaws closed with a snap and there was a new glint in his eye that told his self-battle was over.

The sheep were just coming into the bedding ground as Jim rode up to the Mathison camp. Mae was standing in the cabin door.

"I thought you had forgotten where we lived," she greeted him with a little pout on her pretty lips.

"No, I haven't," he replied abruptly, "but I can't stop now. I've got to go down to the herd."

"Wait until I get Maje and I'll go too."

"I can't, I'm in a hurry."

"Then I'll come to ride back with you."

"Please don't," he pleaded and his face was white and set. Not until then was she sure there was a great change in him since their last meeting.

"Jim!" she exclaimed, coming toward him, "what is the matter? You've got to tell me. Has anything happened to Dad?"

"Where is your father?"

"He went down to the other herd yesterday, but was coming back this afternoon."

"Maybe I'll stop in on my way back," Jim told her as he gathered up his reins, "and—maybe—I—won't. If I don't it will be because I'll know—you wouldn't want to—see me."

"Jim! Jim! for heaven's sake tell me what all this means!" But Jim did not heed. He was galloping toward the bedding-ground, sick with the thought that in all probability he was going to send to the penitentiary the father of the girl he loved.

Both Alex and Hal were with the sheep, but Mr. Mathison was not there. "Hello, boys," Jim called. "Don't bother to round the sheep in for a little. We'll count them first."

"Count 'em?" drawled Hal with surprise, "Why, it hain't been more'n a month since you counted."

"That's all right, but we'll count again." There was something in Jim's tone and manner that made both his companions wonder.

As the counting progressed Jim's hopes rose and fell, but when they were through they tallied five hundred extras. The boy felt dizzy when he realized his position.

"Where is Mr. Mathison?" he inquired in a tense voice.

"He just went around—oh, there he is now, just going up to the camp with the Sup. Jim looked and saw Mae's father turning into the clearing with Mr. Norton. His heart gave a great bound of relief. Then Mr. Norton had caught him and it would save a lot of unpleasantness for him.

Suddenly he realized what must be happening at this very moment. And Mae would be a witness to her father's guilt. He must hasten there to comfort her. Thank heaven he need not be the accuser. He sprang into his saddle and galloped towards the house.

The two men were entering as he came up. He followed in a half-daze. Why, they were laughing and chatting! What could it mean? One look into the Supervisor's face told him that Mr. Norton did not know. And one look into Mr. Mathison's clean, dignified countenance made him almost doubt his own convictions.

"Why, hello, Jim," both men greeted. "What's up?" His face and manner had given him away. There was no bolting now. He would have given much for a little time. However, there was nothing for it but to do his duty no matter what the pain it cost.

"Mr. Norton," he began and his voice quavered in spite of his brave effort at self-control, "I have just counted Mr. Mathi-

son's herd. There are five hundred extras—five hundred head more than there were when I counted them on to the reserve.” He stopped somehow expecting the earth to crumble beneath his feet. What actually did happen was the greatest surprise he had ever known.

Mae's father seized Mr. Norton's hand.

“There, old man, what did I tell you? Now have I proved that we are not *all* law-breakers and evaders in this part of the country?” Then he came to the ranger. “Jim, my boy, I knew I could trust you—I knew you'd stand the test!”

“But I—I—don't understand,” Jim faltered. The two men looked at each other and laughed.

“Of course you don't,” said Mr. Norton, patting his shoulder, “and maybe you'll not forgive us when you do. You see, Mathison and I are friends of boyhood days. It was he who got me out here—to clean up things he said. But I had become utterly discouraged in my attempt. I told him it was impossible to find honest rangers—that I didn't believe any of them could stand the test of public opinion, etc. Well, he's proved that I was wrong. I know now that I have at least one ranger loyal to me and the service and I'm willing to keep on with the fight. Lad, I congratulate you. Your test was doubly hard, I realize that,” and he looked knowingly toward the middle door where Mae, who had been a witness to the whole affair, stood, her eyes shining with wonderment and pride.

“You are down in my book,” the supervisor went on, “for a promotion the first of the month. Go and talk it over with the little girl. Mathison and I will go, and get those extras separated from the herd so we can head them back to the lowlands the first thing in the morning.”

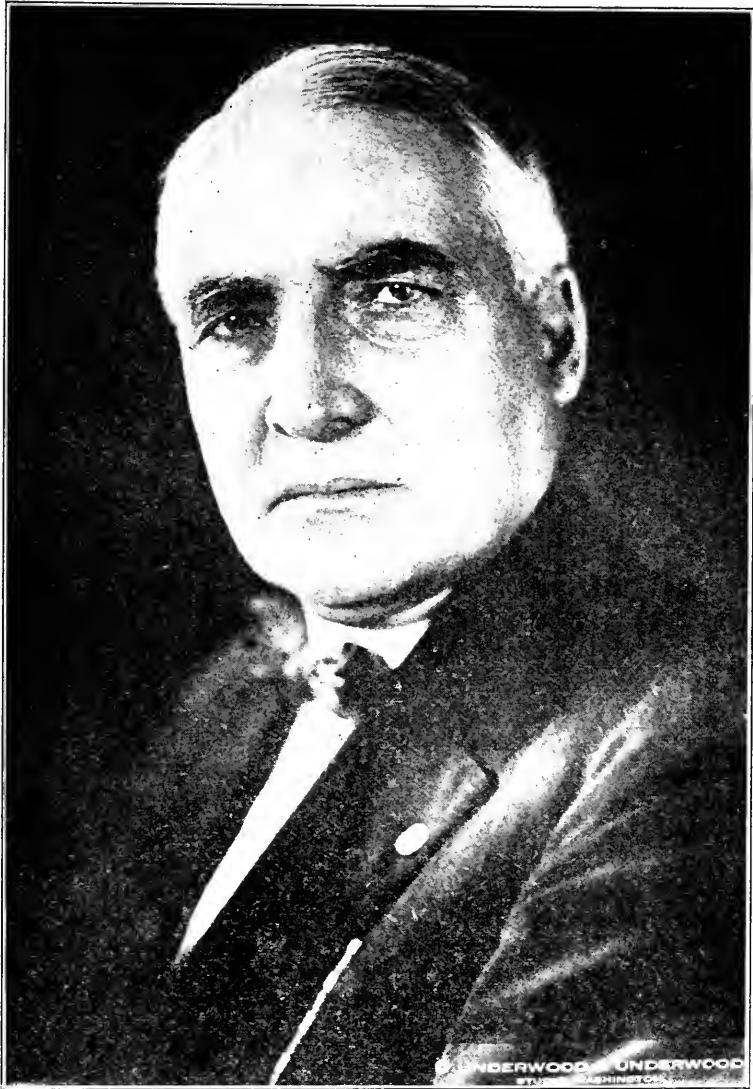
Provo, Utah.

Glow Follows Good

Dear brother mine, while in your prime,
Bequeath to life your truer rhyme;
Old age, though stealthy as a bear,
Will bring white color to your hair.

Then you will have but few desires
To shake the grate or kindle fires;
But, you will dearly love the glow
That follows good in prime, you know.

J. S. Dudley, Jr.



PRESIDENT-ELECT WARREN G. HARDING OF OHIO

*Receiving the election returns at his home, in Marion, Ohio, November 2, which indicated his election to the Presidency of the United States. on that day, and which, by the by, was his fifty-fifth anniversary, he issued a statement saying: "I am happy to utter my gratitude, but I am not exultant. * * * It is all so serious, the obligations are so solemn, that instead of exulting I am more given to prayer to God to make me capable of playing my part, and that all these calls to responsibility may meet the aspirations and expectations of America and the world."*

America

Is it a Book of Mormon Name?

By J. M. Sjodahl

The immortal name by which the great continents on our western hemisphere are known is generally traced, as to its origin, to Amerigo Vespucci. By the historic accounts as written an impression has been created to the effect that Martin Waldseemüller, early in the sixteenth century, moved, as it were, that the name "America" be given to the recently discovered "new world," in honor of the famous Florentine, and that the motion was carried after having been duly seconded and discussed.

Is this the truth—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

Amerigo Vespucci, born in Florence, 1452, in his younger days, was a student of geography and astronomy and became an ardent collector of maps, charts, and globes. As for business, in 1495, he was connected with a ship-brokerage firm at Seville, and it may be supposed that he became acquainted with Columbus who had become famous on account of his transatlantic voyages.

It was a time of great excitement. The occupation of Constantinople by the Ottoman Turks, 1453, had thrown an obstacle across the common trade routes to the Orient, and leading commercial nations in Europe were eagerly searching every nook and corner of the world for new highways to Asia, where immense wealth beckoned them in the form of spices, gold, and precious stones. Columbus, in 1492, had discovered what he believed to be a western passage, across the Atlantic, to the fairy land of the East, and others were feeling their way along the western coast of Africa and round the Cape of Good Hope. By the stories and rumors that came from across the ocean—then known as "the sea of darkness"—people were aroused, and adventurous spirits were irresistibly drawn toward the mysterious unknown, as Polar explorers have been in our day. Vespucci, by natural inclination, study, and business training, well equipped for the life of a sea-farer, was one of those in quest of adventure and fame.

In 1497 an expedition for the west was being fitted out at Cadiz. This was Vespucci's first opportunity. He secured the position of pilot. Vincente Yanez Pinzon, who commanded the *Nina* in 1492, was in charge. De Solis was second in command. This expedition proceeded somewhat farther west than Columbus had gone and explored the northern coast of Honduras, the Gulf of Mexico, Florida, and the Bermudas.

On May 20, 1499, another expedition with Vespucci as pilot left Spain. Alonzo de Ojeda had charge of it, and Juan de la Cosa was second in command. Both these sturdy mariners had sailed with Columbus. De la Cosa had been both the owner and captain of the *Santa Maria*, the ill-fated flagship of the admiral. This expedition explored the South American coast from some point in Brazil to the gulf of Maracaybo, in Venezuela. A part of this coast line had already been visited by Columbus on his third voyage.

On May 14, 1501, an expedition set out from Lisbon for the new world. Who the chief commander was is not known for certain. It is supposed to have been Nuno Manuel. Vespucci was the pilot. The explorers this time followed the Brazilian coast as far south as latitude 34°, and then turned southeast. Now they encountered a terrible storm and were driven to the inhospitable coasts of the island of South Georgia, about 1,200 miles from Terra del Fuego. Here the sailors turned homeward and arrived in Lisbon, Sept. 7, 1502.

Vespucci embarked in three more voyages of discovery, but it is not necessary to enter into further details. Enough has already been said to show the part he played in the enterprises by means of which the existence of a new world was gradually revealed. The third voyage, 1501-2, is generally considered second in daring and historical importance, only to that of Columbus in 1492.

Amerigo Vespucci was not only a master pilot, he was also a good writer, and he had, moreover, a high and, as it turned out, correct estimate of the value of publicity.

Consequently, in 1503, he wrote a letter to Lorenzo di Pier Francesco de' Medici, in which he described the third voyage. The following year he addressed an epistle to a former schoolmate, Piero Soderini, giving an account of his first four voyages. Other letters are also attributed to him.

In the official records the various expeditions are, of course, named after the respective chief commanders, and not after the pilots, or any of the subordinate officers, but historians have, for the obvious reason of accounting for the name "America," followed the rule of referring to any expedition in which

Vespucci took part, as *his*. That this is due chiefly to his interesting letters goes without saying. They were circulated, and became known among the people while the official records were slumbering in the archives, and thus he became the most popular figure of the adventures he described.

Nestling in one of the peaceful valleys of the Vosges, there was a little village, Saint-Die. There was also a college equipped with a small, primitive printing press. Connected with the school were two gifted young men, Matthias Ringman, and Martin Waldseemueller.

The Soderini letter, mentioned in a previous paragraph, or rather a French version of it, in due time found its way to Saint-Die. It had been obtained in Portugal by Duke Rene and was by him handed over to his friends, Ringman and Waldseemueller.

This was a godsend to them. They and their associates in literary work, Duke Rene and his secretary, Walter Lud, had just matured plans for the publication of a new edition of Ptolemy, with such additions and changes as recent discoveries in the domain of geography called for. Waldseemueller had written an introduction to this work, called *Cosmographiae Introductio*, and it had been decided to print this separately on the college press. As the Soderini letter was, naturally, a welcome source of information of great value for the new edition, Waldseemueller incorporated in his *Introductio* a few lines relating to Amerigo and "America." This was in 1507.

It will now be of interest to learn just what Waldseemueller did say in his famous little pamphlet. John Fiske, in his excellent work on *The Discovery of America*, Vol. II., p. 136, gives a photographic reproduction of the passage in question, and a good translation of the Latin text. We read:

But now these parts have been more extensively explored and another part has been discovered by Americus Vespucius (as will appear in what follows): Wherefore I do not see what is rightly to hinder us from calling it Amerige or America, i. e., the Land of Americus, after its discoverer Americus, a man of sagacious mind, since both Europe and Asia have got their names from women.

This is held to be the first suggestion on record that the country visited by Vespucci be named after him. From this the conclusion is drawn that Waldseemueller was the first to propose the name which was eventually adopted.

It will be seen, at a glance, however, that the language Waldseemueller uses is hardly that of one who has a *new* proposition to make and to explain. It has not the right ring or force for that. What he says is that, as far as he knows, there

is no valid objection to calling the fourth part of the world after Americus, its discoverer. It sounds more as if the name had already been brought to public attention somehow and met with opposition, which, in Waldseemueller's opinion, was not justified.

As a matter of fact, there was a valid objection to the adoption of the name for the reason he gives for it, if anyone cared to object. In what sense could Vespucci, who was only a subordinate officer in the expeditions, be said to be *the* discoverer? That honor belongs to the commander-in-chief. Columbus' pilot on the first voyage was Sancho Ruiz; would anyone dream of calling him, instead of Columbus, the discover of the West Indies in the 15th century? Or, would that honor go even to the captains of the fleet? Magellan's pilot was Estevan Gomez; did anyone ever propose to call the Straits after him instead of after that great commander? This objection would have been easy to raise, and it would have been unanswerable.*

There was another objection. Vespucci, or rather De Ojeda under whose command he sailed on the second voyage, 1499-1500, was not the first explorer to visit the part of the new world said to be named after him. Columbus, on his third voyage, 1498-1500, had explored the country called by the Indians Paria, and the Pearl Coast, as far west as Cubagua. This was the year previous to the arrival there of Vespucci. In what sense, then, could the latter be said to be *the* discoverer of a country already discovered?

It may be thought that Waldseemueller, in 1507, did not know that the coast visited by Columbus was a northern extension of the long stretch of land followed by Vespucci on his third voyage, 1501-2; but that would be to underestimate the geographical knowledge of the Saint-Die school teacher. Columbus, himself, at any rate, knew that he had struck a continent with "infinite extension toward the south," for he so reported to the government. He knew, because it was evident that a river with such a mighty flow of water as the Orinoco carried to the ocean could not drain a small island area. And on his own map in the 1513 Ptolemy, Waldseemueller has the coast line of South America as far as 35° south and under the equatorial

*Emerson, it seems, resented, almost as a personal insult, the naming of this glorious country after Vespucci. He is quoted as follows: "Amerigo Vespucci, the pickle-dealer at Seville, who went out in 1499, a subaltern with Ojeda, and whose highest naval rank was boatswain's mate in an expedition that never sailed, managed in this lying world to supplant Columbus and baptize half the earth with his own dishonest name." (Emerson, *English Traits*, 1856; p. 148 of the Riverside Edition, 1883; quoted by Fiske, *The Discovery of America*, Vol. 2, p. 162.)

line appears the statement that this country, with adjacent islands, had been discovered by Columbus, the Genoese, by mandate from the Castilian regent. Furthermore, in 1512, on Stobnicza's map, the entire transatlantic coast, north and south, was made one continuous line. Waldseemueller must have known the facts as far as they were public property in his day, and yet he saw no objection to giving the honor of discovery to Vespucci! Is there not a tangle here that needs straightening out?

Waldseemueller must have felt the force of these or similar objections, for he introduced another line of thought when he said that Amerigo was a man, and moreover, a man of sagacious mind. It seems that the brilliant author revolved some such thought as this in his mind: "You may not accept my statement that Amerigo was the actual discoverer of 'the fourth part,' although made twice in half a dozen lines, but you cannot deny that he was a sagacious man."

This is, of course, perfectly true; but, was he the only man of sagacious mind in the expeditions in which he served? If not, what is the point in that abrupt assertion?

Waldseemueller seems to have realized that not much of a "showing" could be made, in favor of the author of the Soderini letter, and so he finished up by a little bit of humor. "We need not hesitate"—that seems to be the underlying thought of his closing words—"to name the newly-discovered part of the world in honor of a sagacious *man*, though only a pilot, since both Europe and Asia are named after *women*."

The author of that remark evidently, did not have the very highest estimate of the fair sex, though he lived in the age of chivalry.

Be that as it may, he is as unfortunate in his humor as in his serious logic, for he was certainly mistaken about the derivation of the names of Europe and Asia. Neither of these was named after a woman; nor even after a man of sagacious mind. "Europe," it has been suggested, is derived from a Semitic word, *eber*, meaning "the setting," or "the west;" and "Asia," it has been thought, is related to *jazu*, or *azu*, "the rising," or "the east." Both words, it is supposed, were used by Phoenician sailors, to designate the opposite sides of the sea that separated Europe and Asia.

At first each of the names stood for only a very small part of the two continents. As late as the days of the first apostles of our Lord, "Asia" meant the district of Asia Minor of which Ephesus was the capital; hence, when Paul was forbidden to "preach the word in Asia" (Acts 16:6), he felt free to begin mis-

sionary work in Bithynia, another province of Asia Minor. See also Acts 2:9, where "Asia" is among the various provinces enumerated. It was only later, as geographical knowledge increased, that the name was extended to the entire continent. The same remark applies to "Europe." Waldseemueller might have said with more accuracy that certain fair females, famous in mythology, had been named after the two continents, or happened to have been given the same names, but that, though true, would not have served his purpose. Or, he might have thought of another argument just as convincing, or equally humorous, as the one he did offer. He might have said something to this effect: "I do not see what is rightly to hinder us from calling the fourth part 'America,' since both 'Asia' and 'Africa' begin with a capital 'A,' as does 'Amerigo,' or 'Alberigo.'" But he may not have thought of that!

On the whole, as already stated, when the famous passage in Waldseemueller's *Introductio* is closely scrutinized it does not give the impression that the author was seriously arguing for the adoption of an idea which he had just conceived and which was, therefore, new to all the world. Had that been the case, he would have tried to show from documentary evidence that Amerigo was *the* discoverer; he would not have trusted to a mere assertion not supported by official records. What seems a more probable inference from the passage in question is this, that the name "Amerige" or "America" had already taken form somewhere, somehow, and that Waldseemueller had jumped to the conclusion that Vespucci's first name accounted for it. Considering the publicity the great pilot had obtained by his letters, this was natural. The author of a journal generally seems to be the central figure in the history he writes, unless he is gifted with an unusual portion of modesty. For the same reason Vespucci, notwithstanding his subordinate position in the expeditions he piloted, appeared as the main hero in the discoveries made. It is, therefore, natural that his admirers should, from the first, regard the name "America" as a form of "Amerigo." But that is not a sufficient proof of the soundness of the theory. Waldseemueller was mistaken in his derivation of "Europe" and "Asia." He may also have been in error concerning "America." It is very difficult to trace words to their source. They come unheralded. It may be less difficult to point out the first appearance of any given word in writing or in print; but most words existed before they were ever recorded, and there is no known reason why "America" should be regarded as an exception in that respect. Everything considered, the probability is that Waldseemueller really did no more toward the adoption of the name "America" than to throw his influ-

ence in favor of one name out of several, already current, to select from.

That name, I venture to say, would have been adopted in time even if Waldseemueller had never penned a word. Consider some of the other names available. Vespucci referred to the regions visited by him, as "a new world," and this expression was subsequently made into a proper noun. But America is not a "new world." Waldseemueller himself called that "world" *Terra Incognita*, which is rather strange in view of what he says in his *Introductio*, for even if his map was made before he had thoroughly digested the Soderini letter, some explanatory note might have accompanied it when published. *Sancte Crucis sive Mundus Novus* is another suggestion which appears on maps of 1508 and 1510. On Leonardo da Vinci's map, 1514, "America" is written across South America. Schoener's map, 1520, gives three names: "America, or Brazilia, or Land of Paroquets." The last name was suggested because the country had an abundance of parrots. On Agnese's map, 1536, "America" does not appear; South America is *Mundus Novus* and *Brazil*; but Muenster's map, made for the 1540 edition of the Ptolemy has this legend: "*Novus Orbis*, the Atlantic island which they call Brazil and America." South America was still, in the opinion of some map makers, an island. But about that time the truth concerning the new world had dawned upon the most advanced minds, and Mercator, in 1541, drew a map on which North America and South America are connected by an isthmus, and he boldly named the whole of it "America." It took some time before this innovation was generally adopted, but it was almost inevitable that "America" as a name should be preferred to "Terra Incognita," "The New World," "Sancta Crusis," "Novus Orbis," or even the "Land of Parrots."

But if "America," the name, was not given to the continents of our hemisphere in honor of Vespucci, at the suggestion of Waldseemueller, what, then, is its origin?

Professor Jules Marcou, in an article published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1875, answers that question by a line of reasoning altogether different from that generally followed. He holds that it is a good, genuine American word which early explorers learned from the natives with whom they came in contact. According to him a certain part of what is now known as Nicaragua was by the Indians called *Americ* or *Amerique*. "America" is, according to this, the modern form of that word.

To be sure, this theory has not as yet been accepted by the learned students and doctors of American history; in fact, it has been laughed at as absurd, as was Rumsey's clever efforts

at making a steamboat, or Galileo's defense of the Copernican philosophy as against that of Ptolemy; but to me it appears to be good, common sense and well worthy of consideration.

Undoubtedly, the readers of this article will peruse with interest the salient points of Professor Marcou's discussion of this question. He says, in part:

The controversy as to the priority of discovery and the honor of bestowing a name on the New World has been so long undecided—almost three centuries—that any light thrown upon this intricate problem may help its true solution, if the truth be discoverable at this late day; and with this hope I offer the following contribution.

Americ, *Amerrique*, or *Amerique* is the name in Nicaragua for the high land or mountain range that lies between Juigalpa and Libertad, in the province of Chontales, and which reaches on the one side into the country of the Carcas Indians, and on the other into that of the Ramas Indians. The Rios Mico, Artigua, and Carca, that form the Rio Bluefields; the Rio Grande Matagalpa, and the Rios Rama and Indio, that flow directly into the Atlantic; as well as the Rios Comoapa, Mayales, Acoyapa, Ajocuapa, Oyale, and Teopenaguatapa, flowing into the Lake of Nicaragua, all have their sources in the *Americ* range. (See public documents of the Nicaragua government; and *The Naturalist in Nicaragua*, by Thomas Belt, 8 vo, London, 1873.)

The names of places, in the Indian dialects of Central America, often terminate in *ique* or *ic*, which seems to mean "great," "elevated," "prominent," and is always applied to dividing ridges, or to elevated, mountainous countries, but not to volcanic regions: for instance, Nique and Aglasinique in the Isthmus of Darien. * * *

The question to be decided is, whether the word *Americ* or *Amerrique*, designating a part of *terra firma* discovered by Cristoforo Colombo, on his fourth and last voyage to the New World, was known to the great navigator, and consequently could have been repeated by him, or by the companions of his voyage. There is no certainty of this; for the word is not found in the very brief account he has left us. But as the origin of the word *Americ* has been until now an enigma, in spite of the different interpretations of it that have been given, and as Vespuchy had nothing to do with this name, entirely unknown to him—the inventor of the word *Americi* or *America* being a printer and bookseller in a small town hidden in the Vosges mountains—it is perhaps well to review the facts, and to show where lies the greatest probability for a true solution of the origin of this word *America*, which dominates alone a hemisphere.

In the *Lettera Rarissima* of Cristoforo Colombo giving an abridged description of his fourth voyage, 1502-3, he says that after he passed the Cape Gracias a Dios, on the Mosquito coast, he reached the Rio Grande Matagalpa, which he called the Disaster River, and after remaining anchored there for several days, he stopped some time for repairing his ships and giving rest to the crews, between the small island La Huerta (the Garden Quiribiri) and the continent, opposite the village Cariai, or Cariay. Cariai is so like Carcai, or the dwelling-place of the Carcas Indians, who still live in that neighborhood, that it is possible the variation is caused by an error in reading the manuscript letter of Colombo, the *c* having been mistaken for an *i*.

* * * * *

What was the geographical position of Cariai (Carcai), Carambaru, and

Veragua? Veragua is known to be in the great bay of Chiriqui (Costa Rica): Colombo says in his narration, "It is the custom in this territory of Veragua to bury the chief men with all the gold they possess;" and in these last years gold has been found in the tombs of the aborigines of that country. Carambaru was at least twenty-five leagues distant from Veragua (Chiriqui), which brings us a little to the north of the Rio San Juan and Greytown. Cariat must have been a little farther north, in the neighborhood of the mouth of the Rio Bluefields (of which the Rio Carca is one of the affluents), where are several islands, and this accords with the narrative of Colombo. The Carcas Indians inhabit all this region, and work today in the gold mines of Santo Domingo and Libertad, on the Rio Mico, another affluent of the Bluefields, at the foot of the Americ (or Amerique) range. * * *

It is well known with what tenacity the Indians attach themselves to all their surroundings; and the Americ or Amerrique range forms the highest chain of mountains in the country of the Carcas and Ramas Indians, the average being 3,000 feet; making a dividing line between the waters flowing directly into the Atlantic, and those that empty into the Lake of Nicaragua. According to travelers who have visited certain places in the neighborhood of Libertad, Juigalpa, and Acoyapo, this mountain range is very conspicuous. * * *

There is the strongest evidence that this word, denoting the range and the rocks of Amerrique, Amerique, or Americ, is an indigenous word, the terminal *ique* or *ic* being common for the names of locality, in the language of the Lenca Indians, of Central America, a part of Mexico; and that this name has been perpetuated without alteration since the discovery of the New World, by the complete isolation of the Indians who live in this part of the continent, who call their mountains by the same word today as they did in 1502, when Colombo visited them, Amerrique, Amerique, or Americ. These mountains are auriferous. * * *

Colombo says the Indians named several localities rich in gold, but he does not give the names in his very curtailed account, contenting himself with citing the name of Ciamba; but it is highly probable that this name Americ or Amerrique was often pronounced by the Indians in answer to the pressing demands of the Europeans of the expedition. The eagerness for gold was such among the first navigators that it formed their chief preoccupation everywhere; and it is almost certain that to their continued questions as to the place where the gold was found that the Indians wore as ornaments, the reply would be, from Americ, this word signifying the most elevated and conspicuous part of the interior, the upper country, the distinguishing feature of the province of Ciamba.

It does not follow that Colombo was ignorant of the word Americ because he has omitted it in the Lettera Rarissima, which was addressed by him to his Catholic Majesty, the powerful king of Spain. It is evident, from his mention of several places where gold was to be found, as the Indians had told him, without giving their names, that he did not tell all he knew. * * *

We may suppose that Colombo and his companions on their return to Europe, when relating their adventures, would boast of the rich gold mines they had discovered through the Indians of Nicaragua, and say they lay in the direction of Americ. This would make popular the word Americ, as the common designation of that part of the Indies in which the richest mines of gold in the New World were situated.

The word Americ, a synonym for this golden country, would become known in the seaports of the West Indies and then in those of Europe, and would gradually penetrate into the interior of the continent, so that

a printer and bookseller in Saint Die, at the foot of the Vosges, would have heard the word *Americ* without understanding its true meaning as an indigenous Indian word, but would become acquainted with it in conversations about those famous discoveries, as designating a country in the new Indies very rich in mines of gold.

"*Hylacomylus**" of Saint Die, ignorant of any printed account of these voyages but those of Albericus Vespucius—published in Latin in 1505 and in German in 1506—thought he saw in the Christian name Albericus the origin of this, for him, altered and corrupted word, *Americ* or *Amerrique*, and renewing the fable of the monkey and the dolphin, who took the *Piræus* for a man, called this country by the only name among those of the navigators that had reached him, and which resembled *Americ* or *Amerrique*.

In order to accomplish this it was necessary to change considerably the Christian name of Vespucius, and from Albericus, Alberico, Amerigo,† and Morigo—which are the different ways of spelling the first name of Vespuzio, or Vespuchy, or Vespucci,—he made *Americus*! Thus, according to my view, it is owing to a grave mistake of *Hylacomylus* that the aboriginal name of the New World, *Americ* or *Amerique*, has been Europeanized and connected with Vespuzio.

Had this mistake occurred in Spain, Portugal, or the West Indies, evidently it would have been corrected; for Vespuzio and many of the companions of Colombo were still living. But in the little town of Saint Die, unknown to Colombo or Alberico Vespuzio, distant from any seaport, this little pamphlet of the bookseller *Hylacomylus* was restricted to a small circle; and in truth it is around this limited area that the error was propagated and prolonged by the publication of a new edition of the pamphlet of *Hylacomylus* at Strasburg in 1509, and by the appearance at Basle, in 1522, of the first map upon which was seen *America provincia*.

* * * * *

There can be little doubt that the word *Americ* was not only known but popularized to a certain extent, in the seaports of Spain, Portugal and the Indies, or it would not have been thus at once accepted by universal consent, without discussion. * * *

The Christian name of an ordinary man is never used to designate a country, but only that of an emperor, king, queen, or prince; thus we say Straits of Magellan, Vancouver's Island, Tasmania, Van Diemen's Land, etc., while we have on the other hand, Louisiana, Carolina, Georgia, Maryland, Filipinas, Victoria, etc. There is no exception to this rule in the case of Cristoforo Colombo, for no one has thought of giving the name of Cristoforia to a country, and that of Cristoforo to a town; while at several epochs many names of Columbia, Colombia, Columbus and Colon have been given. Furthermore, in giving to Vespuzio the honor of naming the New World, *Hylacomylus*, using the Christian name contrary to all precedent, should have named it *Albericia*, or *Amerigia* or *Amerri-gonia* or *Morigia*, and not *America*.

*This teacher, bookseller, and printer of Saint Die (Vosges) is so little known that even his name is not exactly known; it is thought to have been Martin Waldseemueller, or Waltzemueller. * * *

†It is important to remark that *Hylacomylus* knew only the names Albericus and Alberico, which renders the creation by him of the name *America* still more improbable, if he had not heard the indigenous name *Americ*. The first name of Vespuzio was only spelt *Amerigo* and *Morigo* in Spanish documents that remained unpublished until many years after the death of *Hylacomylus*.

The only way to explain this name, reached with such difficulty, is that Hylacomylus had previously heard pronounced the name *Americ* or *Amerique*.

Accepting the view of Professor Marcou that "*America*" is an American word, I believe it can be shown from the Book of Mormon—that marvelous volume to which the scholarship of the world will yet have to come for information—what its origin and true meaning are, and I may as well say, before going any farther, that I believe it is derived from "*Mulek*" or "*Melek*," words from a Semitic root, meaning "*king*."

It is a well-known fact that words change form as they pass from mouth to mouth, from one country to another, for years or for generations. The vowel sounds are generally first modified, as being less essential parts of a word than the consonants, but even these change within certain limits. There is a long way between the familiar word "*father*" and its origin, "*pitr*," but between them lie the forms that bridge the chasm: "*pater*," "*padre*," "*athir*," "*fader*," "*faedir*," "*vader*," "*vater*," etc. The tender word "*mother*" would hardly be recognized in some of its related forms: "*matr*," "*muotar*," "*mati*," "*mutter*," "*moder*," "*mater*," etc. Popular names especially are subject to changes. "*Johanan*" becomes "*Johannes*," "*Johann*," "*Janne*," "*John*," "*Juan*," "*Ivan*," etc. If we keep this fact in mind, we will understand that "*mulek*," during the course of centuries, might well become "*Amerique*"—the last syllable pronounced almost like the final "*ca*" in "*America*." For words do not change at random. They follow rules and laws by which they may be traced to their origin, in spite of the strange forms they may have assumed by vowel changes and the addition of prefixes and suffixes.

According to the Book of Mormon, about the time of the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, a small company left that city and, eventually, landed somewhere on the coast of what is now called the American continents. In the company was a son of King Zedekiah, whose name was "*Mulek*." The company evidently consisted of persons closely connected with the royal court, and they, separated from their wonted associations, naturally, regarded the young boy as their king and gave him a name expressing that idea.

"*Mulek*" is from the Hebrew *Malach* (Arabian *Malaka*), "*to possess*," to "*rule*," etc.; hence the noun *Melech*, king, and "*Malkoth*," kingdom. In the Old Testament the word occurs in many combinations and variations, such as "*Malcham*," "*Malchiel*," "*Milcom*," "*Moloch*," "*Molech*," "*Meleketh*," "*Malchiah*," and, with the definite article, "*Hammelech*" and "*Hammoleketh*." In the English version the final letter of "*Melech*" is

represented by "ch," except in "milcom" where a "c" is used and in "hammoleketh," where a "k" takes its place, as in the Book of Mormon. But all are from the same root and have the same primary meaning.

In course of time, the region where the colony of Mulek settled was called after him, *Mulek*. Gradually this became a popular name. There was a country called *Melek*, west of the river Sidon, and a city called *Mulek* supposed to have been located by the sea shore in the northern part of South America (George Reynolds' *Concordance*.)*

There was a Nephite elder called *Amaleki*, which name should not be considered identical with that of *Amalek*, the son of Esau. The prophet Alma met another prominent citizen in the city of Ammonihah, whose name was *Amulek*, so called, I believe, after Mulek. And, finally, as we proceed in our reading of the Book of Mormon, we meet that striking character, *Amalickiah*, whose name deserves our attention in this connection.

I am of the opinion that the first "a" in "Amaleki," "Amulek," and "Amalickiah" is an abbreviated form of the definite article "ha," as found in "hammelech" and "hammoleketh" in the Old Testament. The suffix "i" in "Amaleki" and "iah" in "Amalickiah" are the shorter forms of "Jehovah," common in Bible names. The meaning of these names given to, or perhaps assumed by, two so different characters is, "The king of Jehovah." It is conceivable that Amalickiah, whose every effort was bent on the destruction of the republican government of his country and the establishment of a greater kingdom on its ruins, should assume such a high-sounding name in order to deceive his intended victims,—a title which others honored in humility as the servants of God. Within historic times, a Peruvian Inca, who conquered and annexed a neighboring country inhabited by a kindred people, the Aymaras† assumed a name of one of their deities, Viracocha.

We have now endeavored to follow the development of the word *Mulek*, as given in the Book of Mormon, until we find it in *Amalickiah*. With the sealing up of the Book of Mormon record the history of the western continents is temporarily covered by darkness, and the name by which a large part of it was known is lost sight of until we find it in Central America in the

*There is in Venezuela a lake, *Maracaibo*, a city, *Maracay*, and another *Maraca*. I am inclined to think that these words may be related to the Nicaraguan "Amerique" and the Book of Mormon "Amalickiah."

†In the Book of Mormon there is a character known as Ammeron, a brother of Amalickiah. Note the similarity between *Ammoron* and *Aymara*.

form of *Amerique*. It will be noticed that these words *Amalickiah* and *Amerique*, are almost identical in sound, particularly if the accent is placed on the antepenultima, as in "America," and the final vowel is sounded: "A-malick-yah, A-meriqu-e, A-meric-a.

The difference between the "l" and the "r" is no objection to this explanation.

Somehow, the difference between the sounds represented by those letters is not so well marked in some ancient or primitive languages as in modern vernaculars. A Chinaman invariably speaks of our country as *Amelica*, or even *Melica*, which is a close approach to the original "Amalickiah." Words common to the Hawaiian and Maori tongues illustrate this rule. The Hawaiian *aloha* (love) becomes *aroha* in Maori; *lano* (heavens) is *rangi*; *luna* (above), *runga*; *hele mai* (come here) *haere mai*. The name William, when transplanted in New Zealand soil, comes out in full bloom as *Wiremu*. The old Indian *Tsalagi* has become the modern *Cherokee*.* A well known word in a more civilized language is "morro." It comes from "moles" and is found in English as "mole," meaning a structure erected for the protection of a harbor. In *Gibraltar*, from the Arabian *djebel-el-tarik*, the "l" in *djebel* has been changed to "r" in "gibr." Such modifications are as old as human history. In II Kings 15:19, the name of an Assyrian king, probably Tiglath-Pileser, is given in the abbreviated form *Pul*. In Babylonian inscriptions, we are told, it is written *Porus*. Such instances are, we may say, innumerable. It is, therefore, entirely consistent with etymological facts to assume that *Americ* or *Amerique* is the modern form of *Amalickiah*,† the stem of which is the Book of Mormon name *Mulek*, or *Melek*.

In the Book of Mormon we are told that, "The land north was called *Mulek*,‡ which was after the son of Zedekiah; for

*This name is instructive on the subject under consideration, illustrating how ancient American words change in course of time. In its modern, Anglicized form, *Cherokee*, it was first used, it is said, in 1708. Early French writers spelled it *Cheraqui*. The Spaniards rendered it *Chelaque* and *Achelaque*. But none of these forms is the original. The Cherokees have been identified, as Brinton holds, with a people once inhabiting the Lake regions and the banks of the Ohio river, called *Allegewi*, *Tallegewi*, *Tallegwi*, or *Tallike*. When we have noticed the etymological metamorphosis of this word from *Allegewi*, and *Tallike* to *Cherokee*, we can find no difficulty in following the gradual change of *Mulek* or *Melek* into *Amaleki*, *Amalickiah*, *Americ* or *Amerique*, and finally *America*.

†The correct pronunciation of the "i" in "iah" is as the "y" in Yaweh, and not as a vowel, or as the "j."

‡As the Sandwich Islands were settled by colonists from America, familiar with the name "Mulek" as a geographical name, it is not surprising that one of those islands bears the name "Molokai."

the Lord did bring Mulek into the land north" (Hel. 6:10). The "land north" is still especially known by that glorious name, which, in a broader sense, covers, as on Mercator's map, two great continents. And thus, that name, in its modern form, *America*, is an omnipresent, unimpeachable witness for the truth of the Book of Mormon.



JONATHAN HEATON AND HIS FIFTEEN SONS

It is doubtful whether anywhere in the country, except among the Latter-day Saints, a picture such as the above can be produced. It is a photo of Jonathan Heaton and his fifteen sons, taken in 1905-6. Mr. Heaton is a resident of Moccasin, located in the Arizona strip. The names, commencing with the father, who stands at the head, to the right are: Jonathan Heaton, William H., Jonathan B., Israel H., Charles C., Ira H., Fred C., Junius, Christopher C., Edward C. Front: Daniel H., Lynn, Sterling, Harold, Gilbert and Tomiltz, H. Tomiltz died about three years ago, that is, in 1917, as the result of a horse falling on him, and William H. was killed while cutting wheat two years ago.

One remarkable characteristic of the whole family is that not one of them has tasted tea, coffee, tobacco or liquor of any kind. A number of them have filled missions and some of them are counselors to stake presidents and bishops, and all are workers in the stakes and wards of the Church, in the places where they live. All of them, except Tomiltz, were registered in the last world war.

'The Cigarette Menace

[At a recent conference held at St. George, Utah, Elder Richard R. Lyman, of the Council of the Twelve, in speaking upon this subject, made use of the following quotations with respect to the use of cigarettes. We think that they are worthy of consideration by every young man in the Church, and by every salesman of tobacco, everywhere.]

With Elder Lyman, the editors of the *Era* will be made happy when it can be said that there is not a boy smoker in any ward in the Church, under the age of 21; and, furthermore, if it can ever be said that there is not a smoker in any ward at all, nor a salesman of tobacco, who is a member of the Church, we shall be greatly delighted.—*Editors.*

A boy who smokes cigarettes is like a cipher with the rim knocked off.—*Bob Burdette.*

Boys who smoke cigarettes are like wormy apples. They drop off long before harvest time.—*David Starr Jordan.*

One-half the truth has never been told about the evils of cigarette smoking. It blunts the whole moral nature and has an appalling effect upon the physical system as well. I have seen bright boys turned into dunces and straightforward, honest boys made into cowards by cigarette smoking.—*Dr. A. C. Clinton*, physician to several boys' schools.

No boy living would commence the use of cigarettes if he knew what a useless, soulless, worthless thing they would make of him.—*Luther Burbank.*

The yellow finger-stain is an emblem of deeper degradation and enslavement than the ball and chain.—*Hudson Maxim.*

Acrolein in the smoke of the cigarette has a violent action on the nerve centers, producing degeneration of the cells of the brain, which is quite rapid among boys. Unlike most narcotics this degeneration is permanent and uncontrollable. I employ no person who smokes cigarettes.—*Thomas A. Edison.*

I consider cigarette smoking the greatest menace devastating humanity today, because it is doing more than any other vice to deteriorate the race.—*Charles B. Towns*, in *Century Magazine.*

I do not believe there is an agency more destructive of good morals than the cigarette. The fight against the cigarette is a fight for civilization.—*Frank W. Gunsaulus.*

Boys must be educated so they will know why cigarettes are bad for them. You will find that almost any criminal is a cigarette smoker. Boys, through cigarettes, train with bad

company. They go with other smokers to poolrooms and saloons. The cigarette drags them down.—*Henry Ford.*

A well-known judge of Chicago once said: "I cannot believe that our laws and our times would tolerate for a single moment the cigarette if the desolation it works could be fully realized."

Smoking by women of all classes is on the rapid increase. Men who are themselves smokers are realizing the tragedy of women smoking. As when the *Titanic* sank in mid-ocean, so in this time of peril, true men hold to the slogan, "Women and children first," and are willing to sacrifice their own use of cigarettes to safeguard those whom they are bound to cherish and protect. Until our civilization exterminates the cigarette, "the young, the weak, and the unwary" will continue to "put into their mouths things that steal away their brains."

Fabulous sums are appropriated for cigarette advertising, and for the corruption of legislatures.

"I consider any young man at school, in college, or in any professional school is seriously, indeed, almost fatally handicapped by the habit of smoking."—*Andrew D White*, President of Cornell University and for fifty years in close association with college students.

"I am not much of a mathematician," said the cigarette, "but I can add to man's nervous troubles, I can subtract from his physical energy, I can multiply his aches and pains, I can divide his mental powers, I can take interest from his work and I can discount his chances of success."—*David Starr Jordan*, President of Leland Stanford University.

"Boys who smoke cigarettes are like wormy apples. They drop long before the harvest time. They rarely make failures in after life because they don't have any after life. When the other boys are taking hold of the world's work these are concerned with the sexton and the undertaker."—*David Starr Jordan*, President of Leland Stanford University.

"The tobacco habit leads to vice, and is frequently the forerunner of crime. This is because tobacco is a drug, and dulls the moral sense."—*The No-Tobacco News.*

"We stand for the non-use and the non-sale of tobacco."—*Slogan of the M. I. A. and other auxiliary organizations of the Church.*

Brother, Sister, Dread no Ill

"Fret not thyself because of evil doers."—Psalm 37.

Wherefore art thou fearful, brother?
Sister, why this dread of ill?
God, who succored ancient Israel,
Lives and loves his children still.
Cling to him with trust unshaken;
Every blessing waits for you;
All his words are full of promise,
All his promises are true!

If unaided we were striving
Still to keep the narrow way,
With no Friend Alwise to guide us,
Dark indeed would be this day;
But, as mother-love doth nestle
To her heart the infant form,
God's own sheltering arms shall fold us
'Mid each fiercely raging storm.

Be not troubled, brother, sister,
Sink not 'neath your weight of cares;
Earth and all things are our Father's,
Are not we his legal heirs?
Yes, if we are meek and humble,
Honest, virtuous and true,
Penitent for all our follies,
Merciful to others, too.

Saints of God, can we be doubtful
Who have seen his matchless power
Shown in might to guard his people
Through the darkest day and hour?
Unto each he grants some portion
Of sustaining grace and skill,
Let us use those gifts in wisdom,
Praise his name and trust him still.

Fret not, but with patience wait you
On the Lord, our souls' delight;
Purified, and cleansed from evil,
When his people will unite
In the strength of faith and virtue,
Then shall strife and evil cease,
And the just and willing triumph
In abundance, love and peace.

L. Lula Greene Richards

Vital Problems of Life

A Study for the Advanced Senior Classes of the M. I. A., 1920-21

By Dr. George H. Brimhall

Lesson X.—*The Influence of Natural Environment*

In the discussion of this theme, a tendency to consider environment in general should be guarded against, and the work kept within the range of the provisions of the title. Natural environment is furnished first hand by nature, such as climate, topography, vegetation,—including the denizens of the forest, stream, and air.

Trees can not make the same growth, either in size or in fiber on the south side of the hill, that they could on the northern slope. The sable is brown in summer time and white during the winter, and the chameleon takes on the color of whatever object he chooses to rest upon. We shall place emphasis upon the influence of environment upon the human being, and shall first turn our attention to the physical aspect.

Physical Aspect. That prominent differences in men arise from contrasting effects of upland and lowland climates is set forth in an article by Professor S. U. Patten, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, of March, 1912, page 273:

An upland race if in a dry region has a purer and more bracing atmosphere and hence does not need so much lung power. Its food is dryer, harder, and more condensed. Along with this comes smaller stomachs, better digestion, and fresher blood. A tall, narrow-chested man comes into being who is in marked contrast with the short barrel man of the lowland region.

The upland races can not go too far down south without facing extinction, while the lowland races have been unsuccessful in facing the rigor of dry, cold upland. I shall call the pure uplander the long-faced type, and the pure lowlander the round-faced type and the mixture of the two, the oval-faced type.

While the findings of Professor Patten may be true in general, there are undoubtedly some exceptions, notably the case of the Swiss peasantry and the Chilian Indians of the Andes, and this variation forms a basis for refusing to accept in toto the findings of even eminent scholars.

Franz Broz, professor of anthropology, Columbia University, found, through a careful and exhaustive investigation, that the children of European types change in the first generation

from the European type to the American type. While the laws governing this physical change are universal, its operations are accelerated in America where there is a sort of psychic cutting loose from the old, and a pronounced tendency to reach out for what is new in the land of their adoption.

Intellectual Aspect—

To him who, in the love of nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours,
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.—*William Cullen Bryant.*

For nature the coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by,
To me was all in all—I can not paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion;
‘The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite, a feeling, and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied or any interest unborrowed from the eye.
—*William Wordsworth.*

In the course of a lecture before a county institute, Utah's famous sculptor, Cyrus E. Dallin, said the lowlands and the plains may produce the painters, but it remains for the mountains to produce the sculptors. When asked from what source came the greatest inspiration for his work, he pointed to Mount Flaunet, due east of Spanish Fork, Utah, and said, "I always heard the voice of that mountain calling to me to be lofty and to achieve lofty ends." The sight of the mountains always affected Mr. Dallin very deeply. He relates that at one time, when he was westward bound, he occupied the seat with a Kansas lawyer with whom he was conversing. Said Mr. Dallin, "I got a whiff of mountain air, and I knew that my apologies were due, so I said to my traveling companion, 'I was born in the West in the mountains, but never in my life have I been able to return to them without breaking down and weeping.' Hardly were the words out of my mouth," said Mr. Dallin, "when the train turned a curve and we were in full sight of the mountains and true to my usual form, I broke down and wept like a child."

William Wordsworth got much of the inspiration for his poetry in the English lake districts of England. Not to Sir Walter Scott alone, but to the highlands of Scotland are we indebted for the "Lady of the Lake." It is a question whether

without the inspiration of the great outdoors the genius of William Cullen Bryant could ever have reached the artistic climax found in "Thanatopsis." It is equally certain that John Bunyan never could have written *Pilgrim's Progress* in a palace.

Natural environment supplies conditions for successful effort and enterprise which enterprise becomes the setting for civilization. The necessity for irrigating the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates was no small factor in developing the intellectuality of ancient civilization.

The making of deserts to blossom as the rose is no job for a thoughtless and nomadic people. The possibility of the necessity for irrigation creates a demand which the ages have not as yet supplied.

The twentieth century mind is still employed in the solving of reclamation problems.

The influence of an arid environment is still uplifting the race.

Patriotic and Spiritual Aspect. It would appear that there is a close relationship between mountains and inspiration. Caesar conquered the peoples of the plains; but, believing that it would not pay to attempt the subjugation of the peoples of the mountains, built a wall to shut Scotland off from his conquered fields. Napoleon refused to attempt the subjugation of Switzerland on the ground that it would not pay.

There seems to be a close relation between inspiration and altitudes. In Adam's time, God said to the great dispenser, Enoch, "Turn ye, and get ye upon Mount Simeon." And from this elevation was given one of the greatest revelations in the history of mankind. Chapter 7, *Pearl of Great Price*.

The second peopleing of the world was launched from the top of Mount Ararat. Genesis 8:4.

The Mosaic dispensation was ushered in on Mount Horeb. Exodus, 3 and 4.

The decalogue which has been the basis of law for civilized nations was written on Mount Sinai. Exodus, 19:3, 17, 18, 20, 23.

The greatest of all sermons was the Sermon on the Mount.

We are living in fulfilment of two great mountain prophecies:

"And many nations shall come, and say, Come, and let us go up to thy mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths." Micah 4:2.

The other is the prophecy of Joseph Smith to the effect that the Saints would come to the Rocky Mountains and there become a mighty people.

The snow-capped peaks of our mountain home say to us, "Be lofty." Their pine-clad bases say, "Be firm." The gurgling streams in the canyons say, "Be cheerful, be glad," and the chainless mountain breezes say, "Be free." The fruitful valleys call to us repeating the first great command.

Literary Lights for Memory Gems

"God's first Temples," *William Cullen Bryant*.

"Lines written above Tintern Abbey," *William Wordsworth*.

"Morning Hymn to Mount Blanc," *Sam. T. Coleridge*.

"Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni," *Sam. T. Coleridge*.

Questions and Problems

1. To the consideration of what special phase of environment has this lesson been limited?
2. Give some additional illustrations of the influence of climate on vegetation and animals.
3. What are the special physical characteristics of people inhabiting high, dry mountain regions?
4. Wherein do we choose health through the choice of natural environment?
5. What historical connection is there between liberty and lofty mountain peaks?
6. Give a quotation from William Tell, in support of your answer.
7. Why should the inhabitants of the Rocky Mountain region be especially interested in the habit of deep breathing?
8. Discuss the special advantages of a close social relationship between the inhabitants of the highlands and the inhabitants of the lowlands.
9. What quotation in this lesson indicates that Zion is to furnish environment for a spiritual melting pot for the world?
10. Select a memory gem for this lesson.

Suggestions

We suggest that you use as your opening hymn, "Zion stands with hills surrounded," and that your closing number be, "Our mountain home so dear."

Lesson XI.—The Moulding Power of Vocation

It goes without saying that it is advantageous to every person to have a vocation. It is claimed by some thinkers that persons are much more what they do for a living than they are anything else, which is equivalent to saying that one's vocation has more to do in the moulding of his life than has all other influences. Now, while it would be unsafe to accept this view there is no denying that our profession or trade has much to do in the construction of our lives. Life and livelihood are quite inseparable.

Physical Moulding Power of a Vocation. Function may not be the creator of the organ, but the organ is dependent

upon the function for quality. Work has not created the hand, but the shape and strength of the hand is conditioned by work.

The Greek Philosopher pronounced against universal education on the ground that it would be an interference with nature, which had provided the toilers with big knuckles, large feet, huge shoulder, strong muscles suited to the doing of drudgery, while she had given the tapering finger and symmetrical form to the higher classes.

Society has sought to emphasize this physical moulding power of vocation by dress distinction, called uniform, which may have its institutional advantages, but certainly has individual disadvantages.

The Mental Moulding Power of Vocation. The first question to ask concerning a vocation is, can it give me a living? The second question is, will it afford me enjoyment? And the third question is, will it give me an opportunity to grow?

Vocations with their mental moulding power have a tendency to become monopolistic, to be contractive instead of expansive. In yielding to the monopolistic tendency of vocation, one may be found content with reading, thinking, and talking shop, and while he may be growing deep-minded he may be growing correspondingly narrow-minded.

One must have a job, know it and know how to do it; but he must have more, know more, and enjoy more than his job.

Vocation furnishes the heart of interest in life. It is a sort of center from which the activities go out and to which they return. It gives steadiness to character and it is not unsafe to say that a person with a vocation can have a grasp and enjoyment of life unattainable without a vocation.

The harnessing of steam, the hitching of our machinery to the lightning, are driving drudgery from civilization. The hand that holds the plow may touch the typewriter, and the foot that presses the gasoline valve of a mighty car can trip the light fantastic, save in cases where vocation refuses the companionship of avocation; and cog-wheeled continuity of action is insisted upon, where the chopping-block blocks the way to the gymnasium, or a milk pan obstructs the entrance to the dancing pavilion. Men must make vocations, but vocations must not be permitted to unmake men.

Vocation must not be subordinated to avocation or recreation, but the harmonious life demands that the first be supplemented by the other two.

The Spiritual Moulding Power of Vocation. The idea of the common Fatherhood of God and common Brotherhood of man levels all trades and lays the pick beside the pen. The prophet and the plow boy sit together at the sacrament table.

The mechanic, the merchant, the professor, and the minister preach from the same pulpit.

The literary woman and the housekeeper, the professional nurse and the teacher, enlist together in the ranks of spiritual service for the salvation of the living and those yet to come. Our religion pronounces against idleness and inefficiency, but proclaims in favor of a temperance in all things. It provides for the highest ideality and the most perfect realities in life. It stands for soul salvation, which means perfection of body and spirit united. It tempers the moulding power of vocation forbidding the deifying of work. It requires that we not only pause and pray, but that we learn by study and faith. It reaches into our hearts, takes a tenth of the fruit of our vocation and invests it in such a way that we become the business partners of our Father in heaven. It secures us against manual servitude, by taking one-seventh of our days for spiritual growth. Most Latter-day Saints will have vocations, some will have more than one avocation, but all will have at least one avocation, service for the Lord through the Church.

Reading References

The Man of Tomorrow, Claude Richards.
Advice to a Hired Student, Charles Mackay.

Questions and Problems

1. Discuss the problem: Eastern farming moulded our typical Uncle Sam.
2. How does the Sabbath day observance affect the moulding power of vocation?
3. Illustrate vocational intemperance.
4. Discuss the following propositions: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." It is as applicable to the whole life of man as is the saying, "All play and no work makes Jack a useless shirk."
5. What desirable thing can gymnasium exercises do for a person?
6. At what point does a vocation begin to unmake the man?
7. Wherein is a vocation essential to the perfect man?
8. How does a lack of vocation interfere with a desirable feeling of security?
9. Distinguish between vocation and avocation.
10. Name the first three indispensable inquiries to be made in the choice of a vocation.
11. In what direction is your vocation moulding you?
12. Discuss the custom of nobility requiring their children to learn a trade that they may appreciate the toilers of the kingdom.

Lesson XII.—The Advantage of Custom

Custom is Group Habit

Customs come into being through the following steps: first, introduction; second, imitation; third, repetition; fourth, gen-

eral adoption. Customs have their disadvantages, but in this lesson we are to discuss the advantages of custom. In general, customs make society homogeneous. *Custom gives to society stability.* People are one just to the extent that they think alike, believe alike, and act alike.

Thinking of America as the land of the free, believing it to be the home of the brave, singing America, rising to the music of the Star-Spangled Banner, cheering and saluting the flag, tend to make the people of the United States homogeneous, one in patriotism.

Custom Gives Stability to Society

The custom of accompanying mating with marriage ceremony forms a foundation for the stability of the family and the home. The custom of respecting property rights secures society against financial chaos. The custom of toleration of differences of opinion contributes to individual freedom without which society can have no cohesive power.

Custom Gives Picturesqueness to Life

Symbolizing patriotism by flags and pennants. The lime lighting of heroism in statues and monuments, the repeating of the desirable in history through celebrating festivities and pageantry preserve worth-while traditions.

Customs Originate in Two General Ways

From the standpoint of origin customs fall into two classes, the elective and prescribed. The custom of keeping late hours or of early rising has come to us by election. The custom of day light saving will have originated in the provisions of law. Prescribed customs are possessed of the greater advantages, and this is especially so in a Democracy, for they have their origin in deliberation, and are at least savored with consistency, while elective customs are often highly flavored with folly.

Advantageous customs impel to action through keeping alive the ambition to be of the group as well as in it. Next to launching a noble life comes the introduction of a good custom.

Family Customs That Need More Attention

1. *Celebrating Weddings.* The beginning of a new kingdom is no unimportant event, it deserves anniversary remembrance.

2. *Celebrating Birthdays.* A survey of a number of high school classes disclosed the fact that only eight per cent of the students knew when their father's birthday came, and only twelve per cent knew their mother's birthday. The advent of a

new soul into the family is of group importance, and the commemoration of that event is a recognition of the individual's value to the family group, and a stimulus to his individuality. The knowledge that others place value on him adds to his ability to be valuable. The custom of family reunions is worthy of more general adoption. Lack of family interest leads to individual depreciation. Interest in the family group adds to individual appreciation and accelerates the ambitions and activities necessary to individual success.

A Commendable Church Custom

When the young men among the ancients were going to battle, they were cheered, but when they returned victoriously, no gate was good enough for their entrance, a new opening in the wall was made for their admittance.

We celebrate the departure of our missionaries, why not commemorate their return, and as a feature of the program make an official announcement of his or her home service appointment.

How to Change a Disadvantageous Custom

There are two ways of changing a disadvantageous custom, whether it be prescribed or elective. The bad custom of hunting and fishing on the Sabbath day may be changed by legislation making Sunday, a closed season. In all probability a referendum vote of any Christian community, state, or nation would show an overwhelming preponderance of public sentiment in favor of such a law.

The custom of girls going to dances without either escorts or chaperons, and the custom of the boys creating a necessity for such custom, might be dealt with in most communities by a few of the leading young people holding to the custom of attending dances in couples and doing propaganda work for the reform.

With all its downward tendencies, humanity has more affinity for the good than it has for evil, and as the power for good in the universe is greater than the power for evil, there is every reason for the reformer or the group of reformers to have implicit confidence in the triumph of their cause. The cause of good habits and customs is next to the cause of life itself. Good habits mean good individual life, and good customs mean good community life.

Literary Lights

"We are more sensible of what is done against custom than against nature."—*Plutarch*.

"Nothing really pleasant or unpleasant subsists by nature, but all things become so by habit."—*Epictetus*

"Custom, that unwritten law,

By which the people keep even kings in awe."—*C. D. Avenant.*

"Tis nothing, when you are used to it."—*Swift.*

"Habits are at first cobwebs, then cables."—*Old Proverb.*

"Habit with him was all the test of truth;

It must be right, I've done it from my youth."—*Crabbe.*

"Custom hath made dotards of us all."—*Carlyle.*

"In this great society, wide lying around us, a critical analysis would find very few spontaneous actions. It is almost all custom."—*Emerson.*

Reading References

The Amile, by Jean Jaques Rousseau.

Gospel Doctrine, by President Joseph F. Smith, pages 408 to 420.

Questions and Problems

1. What is the difference between a custom and a personal habit?
2. Name two ways in which customs originate.
3. Give an illustration of custom originating in legislation.
4. Show how customs are perpetuated.
5. What is the origin of the custom of war for conquest?
6. Wherein does custom promote homogeneity in society?
7. How does custom give stability to society?
8. Why is it difficult to go against a custom?
9. What are the characteristics of an advantageous custom?
10. Discuss the relative value of ridicule, persuasion, and substitution for the breaking down of a bad custom.
11. What are the advantages of family celebration?
12. What are the objects of celebrating the departure of a missionary?
13. Discuss the probable results of celebrating the return of missionaries.
14. Discuss the advantage of young people showing special deference to the aged. (a) From the standpoint of its effect on the young. (b) From the standpoint of its effect on the aged. (c) From the standpoint of its effect on the longevity of the race.
15. Of what good L. D. S. custom is this assertion made—"Mormonism' has no junk heap for its old people?"
16. Discuss the advantages of a family home evening.
17. Name the three chief advantages of a weekly half-holiday custom.
18. Illustrate the truth of the following: The Sabbath day custom is a habit-link holding the mind of man and the mind of God near each other. Sec. 59, Doc. and Cov.
19. Discuss the custom of overcoming evil with good, and driving out error with truth.

Three Snowfalls—A Lesson from Nature

A. Ray Olpin

My missionary labors have taken me to Hokkaido, the large northern island of the Japanese archipelago.

Winter has set in. Outside it is bleak and cold. Snow has been trying to pile up, as it has done in former years. Recently, I mused as I sat by a warm fire, gazing out at Nature's attempts to accumulate an abundance of the pure, white precipitation.

Off and on for days, tiny flakes had come lazily fluttering downward from a hazy and indifferent overhead. So sparse and minute were they, and so hesitatingly did they descend, that they counted for nothing. Like little flickering lights they barely bumped on the earth and went out.

Then came a sudden change. Infuriated gusts swept down from the polar regions, heedlessly hurling the descending snowflakes into out-of-the-way nooks or piling them on the dark, damp side of some opposing object, leaving them there probably to melt before the next drift came. And although this blustering, boreal action continued for a couple of days, the ground was not completely covered with snow.

Finally, the wind ceased. The black, drifting clouds united, and a heavy and steady precipitation ensued. There was neither hesitancy nor blustering in this third snowfall. Determination was back of every particle. In a few brief hours several inches of snow had accumulated, everywhere the depth being the same.

As I sat looking out on the uniform layer of snow, a paragraph by that influential British writer and moralist, Samuel Smiles, which I had recently read, came vividly to my mind, and immediately I recognized a lesson in what I had seen—another valuable lesson from that venerable, old teacher, Nature.

I quote the passage from Smiles that I might the better pass on the lesson of the three snowfalls:

The several acts may seem in themselves trivial; but so are the continuous acts of daily life. Like snowflakes they fall unperceived; each flake added to the pile produces no perceptible change, and yet the accumulation of snowflakes makes the avalanche. So do repeated acts, one following another, at length become consolidated into habit, determining the action of the human being for good or for evil, and, in a word, form the character." (*Character*, p. 40.)

Each of the three snowfalls suggests a mood and a method in human beings. Each snowflake represents one of the acts that "become consolidated in habit" and "form the character." He who would aspire to true greatness, let him remember how the snow accumulates.

Sapporo, Japan

A Joyful Discovery

By William Henry Peterson

"Christmas goods from Brown & Co.," exclaimed Harold Livingston in a cheerful voice. "I am late making my deliveries this evening, but business is always big just before holidays. The day is hardly long enough for—"

"Long enough! I should think not!" broke in good-natured, motherly Mrs. Walters. "'Tis nigh onto ten o'clock, time honest folks were in bed."

Harold's eye twinkled. "Are you sure of that?" he asked playfully.

Mrs. Walters had been busy examining the goods. She stopped, straightened up, shook her short chubby finger and said, "I am sure of it, my boy, just as sure of it as I am that it is an honest woman you are speaking to."

Harold smiled.

"What's the smile about?" asked Mrs. Walters.

"Nothing," answered Harold, who seemed to be enjoying something all by himself.

"Out with it, you young scalpin!" demanded the inquisitive woman. "If you doubt my word, you are no neighbor of mine; not even if you do live next door."

"I'd rather not," replied Harold, as he picked up his basket and started towards the door. Mrs. Walters was not angry. She enjoyed a contest of wits with her young neighbor. As a usual rule she came off victorious, but this time she did not feel that she was standing on firm ground. The thought that her young opponent was enjoying something at her expense was more than she could stand. She was determined to have it out of him, that would at least satisfy her curiosity.

"Rather not; What's the ail of ye? Why would ye rather not?" she asked.

"Because, if your words are true, then I'm as sure you ought to be in bed as I am that I am an honest boy," was the quick response.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Walters as if she had suddenly come from the cellar into the sunshine.

Harold opened the door to go. A gust of wind shot through the house, slamming an inner door with a terrific crash. After bidding his customer a pleasant goodnight, he closed the door. He waited on the porch long enough to catch his breath and

turn up his coat collar. Then he hurried off across the frozen snow towards his delivery wagon. It was a cold December night, a night when all things living seek shelter. Everywhere, through the windows, Harold could see the people enjoying comfortable, warm fires. He alone was suffering cheerfully in the cold, so that others could receive, not only food and clothing, but the many choice things that help to make Christmas time so pleasant. Harold was thirteen when he began to work for himself. That was a year ago. For one year he had earned his own money and paid his own expenses. Brown & Co. considered him one of their very best delivery boys. There was a reason. He was strictly honest, had an "eye to business," and tried hard to please. Home was still home to him, but in some way he hardly understood, things were different. His father believed that he had supported Harold long enough, and considered the boy old enough to earn his own way in the world. This, Harold was trying to do and he was proving himself equal to the test. Harold had a secret. He was keeping something from his little brother and sister, in fact, from the whole family. Every Saturday night, during the last three months, he had made a mysterious visit to his room. This visit was always made after settling up with his father for board and room. Once his little brother and sister followed him up to his room. With big, wondering eyes they watched him take a small box from his trunk, unlock it, put something into it, and then lock it again. The night before Christmas Harold came down from his room, hat in hand. His father met him at the door. There was a troubled look on Mr. Livingston's face.

"Where are you going?" he asked in very serious voice.

"Down town," was the reply.

Mr. Livingston was a man who prided himself upon having a good name. His reputation meant more to him than anything else in the world. He was proud of it and treasured it as a priceless jewel. His son was going down town at night alone. Would that result in good or evil? Why should his son not stay at home where there were no evil temptations, and where the family reputation would be safe. Had he not cautioned the people in his addresses to them about letting their children roam the streets at night? Now his son was asking to do this very thing.

"Where are you going?" he asked. For the first time in his life Harold gave his father an evasive answer. He did not lie. Such a thing he would not think of doing. Quick as a flash he thought of a plan to satisfy his father: "To the picture show," he answered.

Mr. Livingston did not object to the movies, provided his son would come directly home after the show. This Harold

promised to do. His trip to the movies was a short one. He paid his ticket, went in, but was back out in a moment. Evidently he was not interested. Had his father been watching he would have seen Harold mix with the crowd and disappear down the street. Mr. Livingston did not see. He was home talking very seriously with his wife. Harold's going out at night was the topic of conversation. "It is serious, I tell you, it is too serious," said Mr. Livingston, rising from his chair and walking back and forth across the floor.

Mrs. Livingston wiped a tear from her cheek as she assured her husband that she had confidence in her boy's strength of character.

"You say you have confidence in him. I think I have; but he is gone. It is long past show time, and he promised to come straight home. What do you think of that?"

"This is his first offense. I—"

"That is just the trouble," interrupted Mr. Livingston vehemently. I thought we had trained him better. What does he do with his money? He doesn't save any of it."

"Don't be too severe on him, father. You know that since you have been unable to work, he has paid us for his board.

"That only takes half his wages," was the quick retort.

"Besides his board," went on the understanding mother, "he buys his own clothes, and has already bought a few books for his library."

"A trifle, a mere trifle!" responded Mr. Livingston. "What does that amount to if he ruins his reputation and brings disgrace on himself and us?"

As the worried father finished speaking, the door opened, and the apparently disobedient son entered.

When Harold mixed with the crowd, after leaving the picture show, he walked with the air of one who has something definite to do. He made straight for one of the largest apartment stores in the city. In his pocket were the contents of the mysterious box, which had caused little brother Fred and sister Florence so much concern. It was the money he had saved up by being saving, and working overtime. He was afraid his savings would not reach, now that his big sister and her two children had come home for the holidays. However, he was determined that every one should be remembered. It took a long time to select all the presents, but how he enjoyed it! Finally there remained just one present to buy. That was for his father. The contents of his purse had been fast disappearing. From his pocket he drew his last two-dollar bill. He had thought that perhaps there would be enough money left over to buy himself a pair of skates. This was not to be. The

price of the gloves he selected for his father was exactly two dollars.

His arms were now so full of bundles that the clerk had to open the door for him to pass out. On his way home he decided that in order to keep his plans secret he would hide his parcels in the barn under the hay. He never once thought of the time or his promise to come home immediately after the show, until his parcels were hidden. Remembering his father's words, he hurried to the house. It took a long time before Harold forgot the reprimand he received that night. Not that the reprimand was severe, but on the night before Christmas a scolding, no matter how well meant or lightly given, goes straight to the heart.

"I know that I have broken my word and disobeyed you in not coming home earlier, but if you understood, you would not say one angry word," replied the boy as he retired to his room.

Have you ever tried to pray when you felt that you had been treated unjustly? It is always easy to thank God for his blessings when you have had no trouble. Harold's father had taught him to pray; he had also given him, what seemed to him, an unjust scolding. Harold did not think he had anything to be thankful for, so he went straight to bed. Try as he would, he could not sleep. The longer he lay, the harder he thought, and the plainer he could see that he had many things to be thankful for. Kneeling down, down beside his bed, he prayed as earnestly as he had ever prayed in his life. To his troubled mind came a picture of the Christ child in swaddling clothes. Then he thought of the first Christmas. Rising from his bed and turning on the light he took up his little pocket Bible and turned to St. Luke, 2nd chapter and read:

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

While waiting for everything to become quiet down stairs, he thought over the story of the first Christmas, and he concluded that it was the most beautiful story he had ever read.

When he was sure everybody had gone to bed he crept quietly downstairs and arranged his gifts.

Harold was not the only one whose mind was troubled. Sometime after he had gone back to bed, his father arose and paced the floor of his room. "What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Livingston. "Are you sure our present for Harold is in the parlor where you put it?" asked the father. So engrossed was he in his own thoughts that he did not reply to his wife's question. "Of course it is, dear," replied his wife.

"Somehow or other I don't feel right about taking Harold to task the way I did tonight. I'd give my right hand rather than harm him in any way. I suppose it is because I think so much of him and am so anxious about his welfare that I talk to him the way I do. I hope he spends a good night. Tomorrow I'm going to do all I can to make him the happiest boy in the world. So saying he went back to bed, but it was nearly morning before he was able to sleep.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear. The snow had been falling all through the night, and now covered the earth with a great, white mantle. In its purity, the new-fallen snow typified the spotless life of the Son of God. The children were out of bed before day break. That was too early; their parents called them back to bed. The children went back to bed, but they did not go to sleep. With joyous impatience they waited for the first streak of gray. When it came they tumbled out of bed like a covey of quail, startled from its cover. They rushed into the parlor and there before them, robed in all its majestic splendor, stood their Christmas tree. The little green and red candles, the glowing red apples, the glittering tinsel contrasted with the dull green of the tree; and, hanging high over all, the angel of light with its message of "Peace on earth, good will toward men," so dazzled the children that they stood still in speechless amazement. A momentary pause, like the lull that precedes a storm, and the spell of enchantment was broken. What an uproar followed! In a delirium of joy they took each other by the hand, swung twice around the tree, and then fell eagerly to examining the presents.

When Harold, who had followed the children into the parlor, saw them reading their names on the presents he had selected for them, he felt the joy which warms the heart of a cheerful giver. Enraptured by the happiness he had caused others, he approached the Christmas tree to see if, perchance, Santa had remembered him. He went through the parcels a second and a third time, before he came to a full realization that he had been forgotten. Little Florence, playing at his feet, held up her doll and cried: "See what I dot for Tristmas." Then she noticed his empty hands. "What did oo dit?" she asked.

Harold tried to answer. His lips moved, but no words came from them. Turning slowly away, he withdrew himself from the tree and its angel of light; and as if to hide himself, retreated into the corner of the room. Through dim eyes he watched the children at play. Cruel disappointment had driven the joy from his heart and left in its place a dull, aching pain. Suddenly he was filled with a desire to be alone. Like an outcast, unnoticed, he left the house. Where should he go? He cared not. As he walked, he brushed a tear from his eye. Almost unconsciously he entered the barn. Possibly it was the half-open door that attracted his attention. Once inside, he could contain himself no longer. Throwing himself on the hay where he had hidden his bundles the night before, he wept bitterly.

Thanks to a kind Providence, his sorrow was soon to end. In less time than it takes to tell it, he was transported from the depths of sorrow to the heights of joy. As he wept, he felt a soft, warm nose push under his face. Looking up he beheld what afterwards he claimed to be the prettiest dog in the world. He was all white and curly, with touches of black on the points of his ears and the end of his tail. Around his neck was a bright collar. From the collar, by means of a blue baby ribbon, hung a little white card. On the card were these words: "Accept Carlo as a token of my best wishes, Santa." Good old Santa had remembered him, after all. With trembling hands he caught the dog by the collar and ran from the barn, leaving the door open as he had found it.

"Oh! there you are, you young run-a-way," called Mrs. Walters, from over the fence. You've been up to some trick already this morning."

Harold thought Mrs. Walters was speaking to him. He did not notice that she was looking at the dog by his side. Neither did he know that Mrs. Walters had bought a dog for her husband's Christmas present.

"A merry Christmas to you, Mrs. Walters!" exclaimed the excited boy. "I went in there because I—well because—I didn't want to be in the house." Patting his dog on the head he went on, "Isn't this the finest Christmas present ever given to a boy?"

"For the love of Mike," ejaculated Mrs. Walters as she stared at the boy in open-mouthed astonishment.

"It's certainly great!" responded Harold. "A few moments ago I came out here feeling very unhappy. It's awful to think that your father and mother do not care for you, isn't it? That's what I thought. Gee! I am glad I was wrong. When I came out here I didn't care whether I ever did a kind act again. Now I feel like I want to be kind to everybody. Can't I do something for you?"

As Harold finished speaking Mr. Livingston came through the gate and up the path, leading a dog. He was sweating and breathing hard. Evidently he had been walking fast for a considerable distance.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, what's that you have there, Harold? Why, it's a dog, exactly like the one I have here. He has a blue ribbon on his neck, hasn't he? Your mother and I made arrangements with Santa to bring him to our house for your Christmas present. This he did, but last night the young scamp broke his rope and ran away. I've been out trying to find him. Merry Christmas, Mrs. Walters," he continued. "Here's Mrs. Walter's dog. Santa said it came back to him this morning. He asked me to take it to you."

"Thank you, Mr. Livingston," said Mrs. Walters, earnestly. "I'm glad to get our dog back. He is a Christmas present to my husband; but it's more pleased I am to know there are two dogs so much alike."

"Did you think I was claiming your dog?" asked Harold.

"That's what I did, and I was also thinking of giving ye the dog, if yer father hadn't appeared just when he did."

"That is kind of you, Mrs. Walters," said the boy; but you don't know how happy I am that you didn't have to give me your dog. I've made a wonderful discovery. Father," he continued, holding out his hand, "I am the happiest boy in the world."

"I am glad of that, Harold," answered the happy father, examining the card on the dog, at his son's side. "He's yours. This is the very card your mother and I saw Santa write. Take him into the house and show him to the other children."

Harold ran joyfully into the house. "He is a fine boy," said Mrs. Walters.

"You're right," answered the proud father. "His mother and I are grateful for this Christmas day, because it has given us the opportunity of making our son feel that he is the happiest boy in the world."

It is now several years since Carlo was brought to the Livingston home. He is an old dog now. Harold is a grown man, but he often thinks of the joy that came to his heart when he discovered that he had not been forgotten on that memorable Christmas morning.

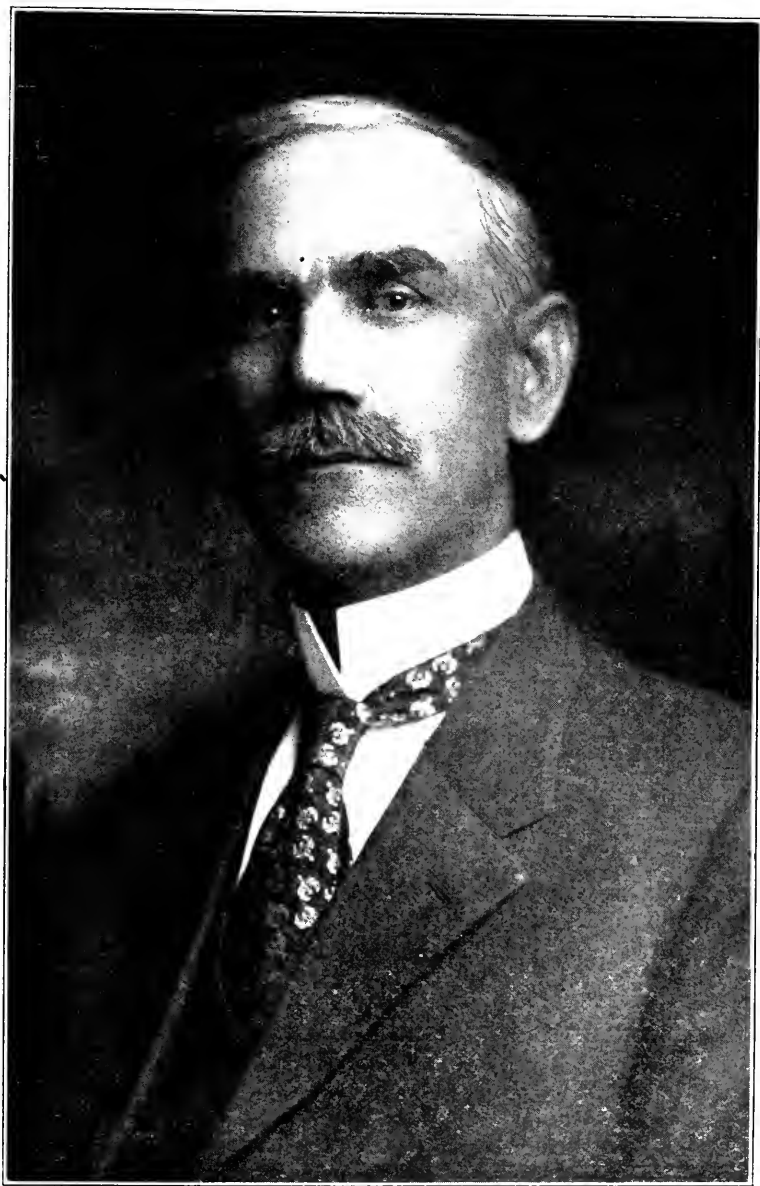
Manti, Utah

Take Courage.—To you who have erred, courage, if your strength is still at your command; for if so, it isn't "What have you done, and been, in the past;" it isn't even "What are you, now;" but, "What will you do and be from now on," that counts with God, with true men and true women, and with the universe.—*M. M. Norman, Driggs, Idaho.*



GOVERNOR-ELECT CHARLES R. MABEY, UTAH

Born Bountiful, Utah, Oct. 4, 1877, educated in the district schools, and later in the Universities of Utah and Chicago, enlisted at the age of 21 with the Utah Light Artillery, under the late General Richard W. Young, in the Spanish-American War. In 1917, volunteered in the World War, being mustered in as Captain in the 145th Field Artillery, commanded by General Young, detailed to Fort Sill, and served for practically the whole war as instructor in the Field Artillery. He married Miss Aston Rampton, in 1905, and they have four children. He has served as Mayor of Bountiful, and two years in the state legislature. He is concerned with a number of large Utah corporations. Elected on the Republican ticket, Nov. 2, 1920.



SENATOR REED SMOOT

Born, Salt Lake City, January 10, 1862, educated in the public schools, University of Utah, and Brigham Young Academy, Provo, from which he graduated. Interested in many business projects in the state. Married Sept. 17, 1884, to Miss Alpha Eldredge, a daughter of Horace Eldredge of Salt Lake City. They have six children. Chosen a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, April 8, 1900; elected to the Senate of the United States by the legislature of Utah, in 1903, where he has rendered distinguished service. Reelected senator by the people, Nov. 2, 1920. An untiring worker in the interest, of not only the West but of the whole United States, he is ever on the side of honest, beneficial and progressive legislation.

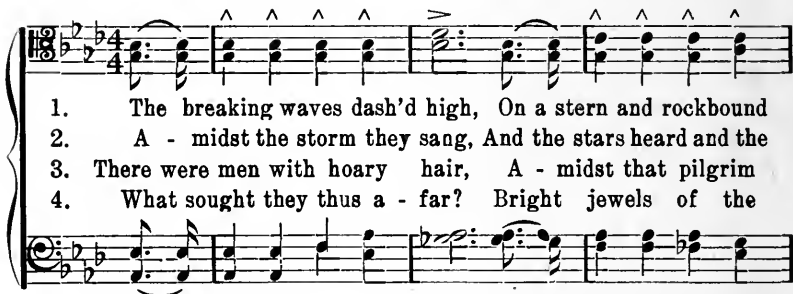
The Landing of the Pilgrims

MALE CHORUS

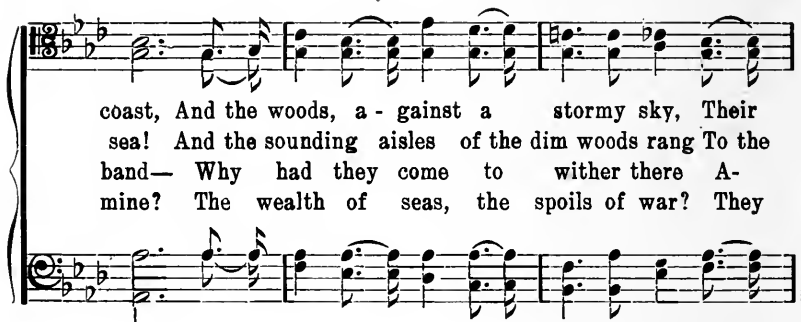
Words by FELICIA HEMANS.

Music by EVAN STEPHENS.

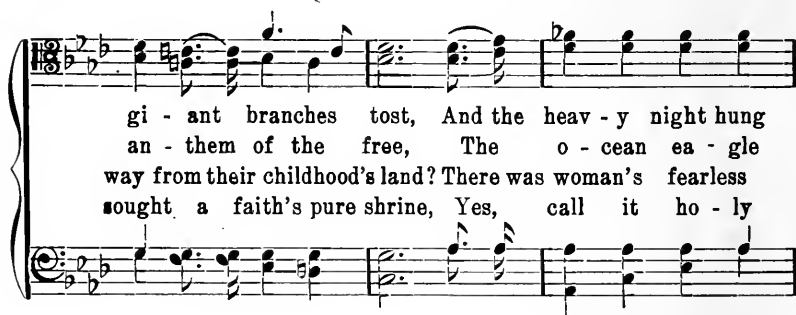
Met. ♩—100. *Bold and firm.* *f*



1. The breaking waves dash'd high, On a stern and rockbound
2. A - midst the storm they sang, And the stars heard and the
3. There were men with hoary hair, A - midst that pilgrim
4. What sought they thus a - far? Bright jewels of the



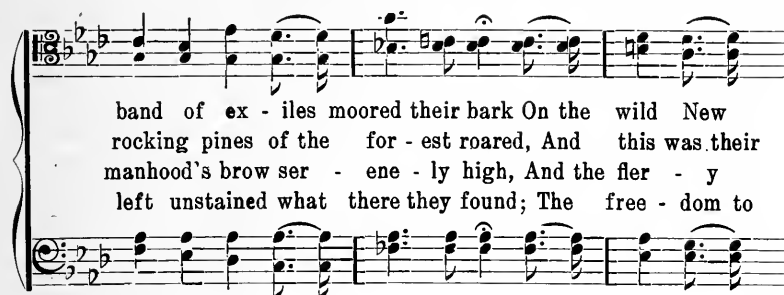
coast, And the woods, a - gainst a stormy sky, Their
sea! And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang To the
band— Why had they come to wither there A-
mine? The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? They



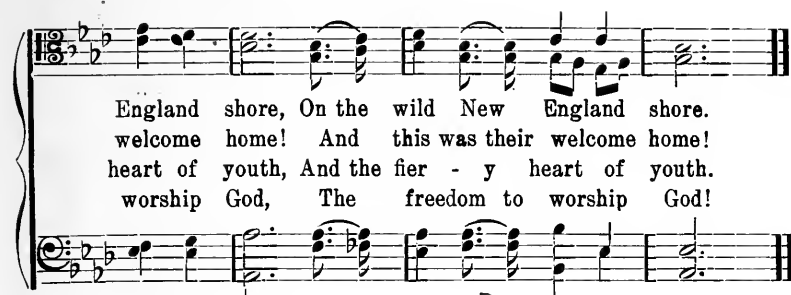
gi - ant branches tost, And the heav - y night hung
an - them of the free, The o - cean ea - gle
way from their childhood's land? There was woman's fearless
sought a faith's pure shrine, Yes, call it ho - ly



dark, The hills and waters o'er, When a
soard, From his nest by the white wave's foam, And the
eye, Lit by her deep love's truth, There was
ground, The soil where first they trod, They have



band of ex - iles moored their bark On the wild New
rocking pines of the for - est roared, And this was their
manhood's brow ser - ene - ly high, And the fier - y
left unstained what there they found; The free - dom to



England shore, On the wild New England shore.
welcome home! And this was their welcome home!
heart of youth, And the fier - y heart of youth.
worship God, The freedom to worship God!

Juarez, Mexico, to the Front Again

In sending the efficiency report for the Juarez stake Y. M. M. I. A. for October, Supt. L. A. Romney says: "I feel encouraged with our M. I. A. work, and we expect to make considerable improvement in Scout work. Our average here cannot be excelled in the Church. With a population of 280 souls in the ward, we have an average attendance of 87, about 32 per cent of the population. For class work, for community singing, individual participation, etc., the average is on just as high a plane as our attendance."

We congratulate our Mexican officers for their splendid showing, and, remembering their difficulties, we commend them highly for their efficiency as shown by their report.

The Young Man's Greatest Problem

By Dr. F. S. Harris, Director of the Utah Agricultural Experiment Station

The desire of every young man to make the most of his life keeps him in constant hot water during his early years of maturity. Part of this time he is probably so anxious to be agreeable to the young ladies that he does not take time for very serious reflection, but, during moments of seriousness, he is likely to worry about what he is going to do in life for a living. The thing that is needed is not worry, but good, sound thinking, guided by some one of experience.

Aside from the choosing of a companion for life, no other problem is so vital to the future welfare of a young man as the selection of a suitable vocation, and the preparation for it. Notwithstanding the importance of this problem, the average youth is likely to consider it only in a superficial manner; and, after a little worrying, he will probably slip into the occupation that seems easiest to enter at the time he is married and has thrust upon him the responsibility of making a living. A real serious study of the best vocation for him, and an adequate preparation for the work of his choice, is not made nearly as often as it should be. The problem is a real one for every young man, but only a few of them set themselves vigorously to its solution. Many, student-like, are satisfied to go to the class unprepared and wait for the solution till they reach the end of the book of life where the answers are recorded.

Parents of the West, with its boundless natural resources and its abundant opportunities, are not likely to be so concerned over the vocations of their sons as are parents in the older parts of the world. They see all about them men who have been successful in making a good living for their families, even though they were uneducated and untrained for any particular kind of work. It must be remembered, however, that conditions found in pioneer days do not now hold. Then land could be had for the taking and free public range was found on every hand. Industries had not been developed and competition was almost unknown. Today the best land has been taken, and a young man has difficulty in getting a farm unless he has capital. Competition in the various industrial lines is keen and the untrained young man without capital must work with his hands in competition with foreign labor whose standards of living are so low, and whose material requirements are so few, that the son of

the pioneer finds great difficulty in meeting the competition.

Parents must be aroused to the situation. Their sons must not be allowed to become mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, just because they do not properly understand modern conditions. It is not right that the pioneers of the West should have endured all the hardships incident to the settlement of a new country only to see their sons occupy second rate positions, while the better positions are filled by those who must be brought in from outside, because of their training. The only way to avoid this is for parents to wake up to the situation and encourage their sons to prepare themselves for modern industrial demands.

One of the saddest things in the world is the sight of a young man wandering aimlessly through life with no definite occupation, hoping that some day he will stumble into a soft snap that will solve the question of making a living. The work he is doing probably came to him by chance and he will continue doing the same thing till chance turns him in some other direction. He is in no sense master of himself or his destiny, but drifts about like a piece of bark tossed from wave to wave on the high seas.

Man was placed on earth to subdue it, and he should have sufficient force of character to determine what part he will play in the world's work. If he does not act for himself and develop initiative of his own, he is no better than the beasts of burden.

The misfits that are so common in the industrial world are usually due to the fact that sufficient attention was not given to the choice of a vocation. The reason why many men do not like to work is that they are trying to do the wrong thing. They are square pegs in round holes. The economic waste in the world due to this cause is simply appalling. How important is it, therefore, for the welfare of mankind, that all forces join in helping young men to choose the work for which they are by nature and circumstances adapted.

Parents who are wise and who have the welfare of their sons at heart will do all they can to make them industrially independent. This can be done best, not by leaving money to them, but by helping them to find the work in which they can succeed best, and then assisting them to be so well prepared for their vocation that they can meet any competition.

Young men should realize that the great problem before them, during their mutual-improvement-association age, is the preparation for their life's work. They should decide what they are going to do, and then set about doing it. It is nothing short of a tragedy to waste the most valuable years of their lives because they cannot make up their minds to something definite.

Logan, Utah

Suggestions to Young Men

By George B. Hendricks, Director School of Commerce and Business Administration, Agricultural College of Utah

The coming months are crucial in the lives of the young men of Utah. We are now in the "darkness that precedes the dawn."

Immediately after the recovery from the business depression of 1914, the United States entered upon an era of stimulation such as we have not experienced in a generation. Prices of commodities advanced enormously. In five years the general level of prices advanced 100 per cent. The value of the dollar was reduced one-half. This meant large profits to those who were in a position to take advantage of the situation. Days' wages went up rapidly. Salaries lagged behind, but they too advanced. Farmers and business men generally went through a period of seeming prosperity. The spirit was contagious, and life began to be lived vigorously and swiftly. Like the mouse in the bell-jar into which oxygen was being pumped, we lived an entire life in a very short time. Money came easily and freely, and in many cases, was extravagantly spent. The luxuries of a few years ago became the imperative necessities of the hour.

This situation has now changed. The most authentic barometers of business indicate a rapid movement in the opposite direction. In March, 1920, we began our downward movement. At that time factors affecting prices of goods and the value of industrial stocks became unfavorable. Since April, 1920, our bank clearings have indicated that our "fever has broken." Since June of this year the money market has given unmistakable evidence of a period of contraction. Large business firms are curtailing their operations, men are being thrown out of employment, immigrants are flocking to our shores by the thousands, building operations are lagging still more, and we are approaching the winter months with an awful housing problem. At the present moment negotiations are being made with the War Department for tents to take the place of houses in some of our cities.

These are the conditions which are confronting hundreds of young men in Utah as they finish their fall work this year and approach the winter months. To them may I make two suggestions:

(1) You have sold your products for a high price, your

wages have been higher than you have received before. Instead of squandering your earnings during the next few months, why not invest in liberty bonds, now selling below par, but going up in value every week, put your earnings in a savings department of a bank, or get them into any safe and liquid form so that you may easily, when the pendulum begins to swing back, get into business and go "out with the tide." Bank reserves are already beginning to swell, and before very long interest rates will begin to lower. When that time comes, it will be a good time for you to enter business for yourself, and you will be needed by others who are engaged in the expansion of their own business.

(2) My second suggestion to you is that this is pre-eminently a period of preparation. The coming months and years are going to make heavy demands upon your training and skill. Business will need applied to it all the science that human thought can discover. Costs will need to be lowered, managements of plant and men must improve, and the products of farm and factory must be more skilfully and equitably distributed.

While you are waiting for the tide to turn and a more opportune time to buy a farm and to launch out in business, why not buy books and study business. There are many valuable books just off the press which are of untold value to you if studied and applied. In the second place, why not interview successful business men, study their methods, their systems, their principles and their philosophy of life. "When I find a man versed in the Word of God," said Moody, "I just pump him." Follow Moody's example.

Lastly, why not take advantage of the winter months to register in some institution of learning and get the benefit of the accumulated experience of the past that is there preserved, and waiting for your use. Prepare not alone for next month, or next year, but for a time in the future, when you will sorely need such preparation, and when the cares of life and the responsibility of supporting yourself and those who are dependent upon you, make the getting of such preparation impossible.

Logan, Utah

EDITORS TABLE



Why Joseph Smith was a Great Prophet

In reply to a letter of inquiry as to why it is asserted, in one of the advanced senior class lessons, that Joseph Smith is the greatest prophet since the time of the Savior, the following answers have been submitted to the questioner by Dr. George H. Brimhall. Four points are named and, furthermore, it is noticed that as far as is known, no other prophet has uttered as many fulfilled prophecies since the Savior's time as has Joseph Smith. In the Doctrine and Covenants, which contains the revelations of the Prophet Joseph, are found more than twenty predictions already fulfilled:

1. Joseph Smith was placed under the direct tutorship of the Savior by God the Eternal Father:

"Joseph, this is my beloved Son, hear him."

2. Joseph Smith was a "choice seer" prepared, or raised up, to usher in and stand at the head of the dispensation of the fulness of times which includes all other dispensations, and reaches back through its ordinances to Father Adam.

3. Joseph Smith suffered death for the gospel of Jesus Christ and, like Jesus, left the carrying on of the work to apostles.

4. "Joseph Smith, the Prophet and Seer of the Lord, has done more, save Jesus only, for the salvation of men in the world than any other man that ever lived in it."—Doctrine and Covenants Sec. 135.

Ephraim and Manasseh True Israelites

The following question has been received with the request that it be answered in the *Era*:

"From all we can learn, Joseph, the son of Israel, married an Egyptian who became the mother of Ephraim and Manasseh. We are also led to believe that the Egyptians were descendants of Ham, and we would like to know if the descendants of Ephraim and Manasseh have Canaanitish blood in them?"

The question was referred to Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, who writes:

It is definitely understood that Egypt was first settled by the children of Ham. According to the Pearl of Great Price, Egyptus, daughter of Ham, settled there with her sons, and they attempted to follow the patriarchal order of government, but were denied the privilege of bearing the Priesthood. However, for upwards of five hundred years Egypt was governed by Semitic invaders, who adopted Egyptian customs and manners, more or less, yet in blood they were descendants of Shem, hence were kin to Abraham and his posterity.

Professor A. H. Sayce, in a little work called, *Joseph, and the Land of Egypt*, says, on page six:

"But Asia rose against African dominion, and Asiatic invaders, under the name of Hyksos, entered Egypt and became masters. For more than five hundred years their sway lasted in the valley of the Nile. At one time, it would seem, their supremacy was admitted throughout the civilized world. * * * They remained Semites and Canaanites, in spite of the Egyptian garb in which they clothed themselves."

Remember the term "Canaanite" as used here, has no reference to descendants of Ham, but to the inhabitants of the land of Canaan, not all of whom were descendants of Canaan, son of Ham.

These Hyksos, or shepherd kings, who had conquered Egypt and driven the Egyptians up the Nile country, were ruling in Egypt at the time Joseph and the children of Israel were dwelling in that land. So Joseph found there a people who were of the same race from whence his house had sprung, who were descendants of Shem. When he married Asenath, the daughter of the high priest of On, he married a woman who was not a descendant of Ham, but of Shem, and therefore of his own race. This truth also applies to Moses. On this point Sayce further comments, in the same work, page 63:

"It is not needful to believe that Poti-pherah, the father of Asenath, was of Egyptian race. On was now the religious capital of the foreign Pharaohs, and its high-priest was the chief chaplain in the Pharaoh's court. His name, *The Gift of the Sun-God*, was the Egyptian translation of a Canaanitish name, not a name of Egyptian origin and use. It is even doubtful if the name of his daughter was Egyptian at all."

If Asenath had been of pure Egyptian or Hamitic descent, then, according to the record, Ephraim and Manasseh would have been barred from even holding the Priesthood, but instead of this, Jacob, their grandfather, blessed them as his own sons, and they were numbered as two tribes in Israel. Moreover, Ephraim obtained the birthright in Israel.

When, many years afterward, in the days of Moses, the old Egyptians had reconquered the land, the children of Israel were persecuted, because they were hateful in the eyes of the Egyptians, who knew not Joseph, and by Moses were led from the land.

Books

Six Years of Home Reading, is the title of a bulletin, by Professor J. H. Paul, of the University of Utah, published by the Deseret Book Co. The reading is intended especially for Boy Scouts, Bee Hive Girls, and their parents; yet, a perusal of the interesting pamphlet reveals that, besides presenting classified and analyzed books for young people, it has valuable suggestions for the most advanced readers who desire to keep in touch with the students and diversions of youth. Twenty-five courses of study are listed, one for each season of the six years, and one extra course. Each season offers three grades of reading on the same topic, making seventy-five courses of three months each. The books are classified, briefly analyzed, and grouped into topics—Western forests, wild animals, plants, insect life, birds, camp life, great Americans, Western pioneering, the national government, municipal affairs, the earth's strata, minerals, the mind, great fiction, the drama, the sea, the weather, self-culture, improvement of human society, etc. Great fiction occurs with each topic as collateral reading. As a guide for choosing books for Western homes, schools, and libraries, nothing similar to this bulletin has theretofore been published. It is recommended to all who are interested in placing the right kind of reading matter before the children and the young people, in addition to the Church literature that should always have the first and most important places.

The third volume of the *Latter-day Saints Biographical Encyclopedia*, has been received by the *Improvement Era*. This is a volume of some 828 pages, including an index for three published volumes, in a series of biographies by Elder Andrew Jensen, Assistant Church Historian. Few realize the great labor expended in perfecting this work as it has been done by Elder Jensen. The first volume was printed in 1901, and consists of 828 pages; and the second volume, in 1914, and consists of 827 pages; thus making practically 2,500 pages of biographical matter including about 3,000 sketches of persons who have been prominent in the founding of Utah and the west, and in the furtherance of the cause of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It is a most remarkable work by a writer whose capacity for detail and work is practically unlimited. The work is a credit to the well known annalist and will be of great value to future historians of the Church. It is a work of which the owner of any library, fortunate enough to include this remarkable production, may well feel proud and satisfied.

Messages from the Missions

Visit to Sister Kaapu Kolo 119 Years of Age

The annual conference of the "Garden Isle" of the Hawaiian group, convened at the town of Kekaha, April 17 and 18. In spite of the fact that the Island was recovering from a serious siege of influenza, an extra large and enthusiastic audience greeted our mission president, E. Wesley Smith. Two spirited sessions were held, with 250 of the people taking part on the program, helping to bring about the splendid success that was attained. Hawaii—famous for her musical ability—was equal to

the occasion. A choir of fifty voices sang praise to God which harmonized grandly with the beautiful spirit manifested. It was, however, the voice of President Smith that brought tears of joy to the eyes of all. Eleven years ago he spent the last days of his first mission with them. Their love and respect for him still occupied a big place in their hearts, though the separation had been long. President Smith has a little record book which has created a great interest among the people. It contains the names of all the members of the Church at the time when he was on his first mission. On questioning them, he found out that those who were not then observing the laws of the gospel are now dead, while the majority of those who were faithful and diligent, then, in God's work are still enjoying the countless blessings of the gospel of Jesus Christ here upon earth. While in Kekaha, President Smith paid his respects to dear old Sister Kaapu Kolo, who has reached the grand old age of 119 years, and who claims the distinction of being the oldest person living in Hawaii and the only living person who saw the landing of the first missionaries from America, who came to the Islands 100 year ago, April 10, 1820. Quite coincidental, President Smith celebrated his birthday at the little town of Koloa, where he spent his last birthday in the Islands on April 21, 1909. During the week's tour, taken after the conference, all the organized branches of the conference were visited and meetings were held in six of the main branches. The work of the Lord continues to grow, over seven hundred are now in his fold here. We will be kept busy working out the many splendid suggestions given by President Smith, and also making preparations to gather at the general conference at Laie, this coming July. We are grateful to the *Era* for the great assistance it has given us in promulgating God's truths among these good people—Elder Elwer C. Jenkins, President Kauai Conference.

I Will Do the Thing the Lord Has Commanded

Elder Austin N. Tolman, of Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, writes under date of August 17: "Our missionary force is very slim, there being only two missionaries in New South Wales. We are, however, able to keep up the work through the untiring assistance of the local Priesthood. One or two nights each week is spent by the local elders in visiting Saints and investigators. They have much the same spirit manifest by Nephi of old when requested by his father to return to Jerusalem for the brass plates, 'I will go and do the thing which the Lord has commanded for I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commanded them.'

"The labors of the brethren are bearing fruit and the Saints in general are responding to their duties. Tithes and offerings are better than for some years past and meetings are well attended. A concession has recently been made by the Australian government for twenty-four more elders from Zion to take the place of the elders recently released. These elders will find us very much alive, but we are anxious to welcome them and have plenty of work ahead."

New President of the Tonga Mission

Thursday, July 22, Vernon Coombs, with his wife and two children, left Canada for a short visit to Ogden and Salt Lake City, prior to their sailing for the Friendly Islands where Mr. Coombs will act as president of the Tonga mission during the next four or five years. Prior to his departure, Christian Jensen of McGrath, who was a former president of the mission, visited Elder Coombs in regard to the labors in that district.

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS' TABLE

The Quorum and Teacher-Training Leaders

Salt Lake City, Utah, October 12, 1920.

To Presidents of Stakes, Bishops of Wards, and Presidents of Priesthood Quorums.

Dear Brethren:—A number of letters have been received by the presiding authorities inquiring as to whether or not the priesthood quorums should participate in the regular weekly teacher-training classes now established throughout the Church. In order that there may be a definite understanding regarding this matter, you are hereby authorized to urge all quorum officers and class instructors to pursue regularly and diligently the teacher-training course as prescribed by the Correlation Committee, representing the Priesthood Outlines Committee and the general auxiliary boards of the Church.

Ward teachers, too, will find the course most helpful, and where proper arrangements can be made to avoid conflict in officers, the monthly report meeting may be held as part, either of the second or the fourth meeting of the month, thus avoiding the necessity of holding the extra meeting for ward teachers' monthly reports.

The details of the quorum officers' meetings and the ward teachers' meetings can be worked out best by Stake and Ward authorities to suit local conditions.

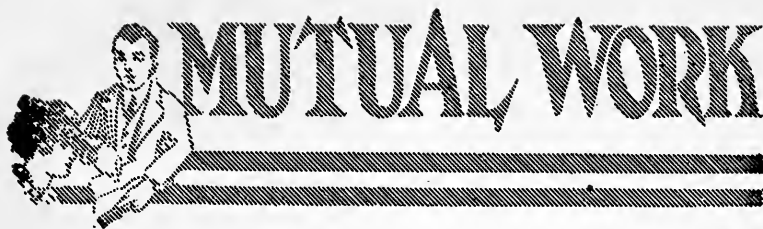
One of the specific duties of the Priesthood is to teach. We desire to commend every effort that is now being put forth to make the teaching in the Church more efficient. The co-operation of the priesthood will do much toward giving strength and impetus to the important movement in teacher-training.

Ever praying the Lord to bless you in all your diligent labors for the advancement of truth, we remain,

Sincerely your brethren,

*Heber J. Grant,
Anthon H. Lund,
Charles W. Penrose,
First Presidency.*

The handsome chapel erected by the Spanish Fork Third ward was dedicated Sunday, Oct. 17, by President Heber J. Grant. The structure has been erected at the cost of \$30,000. It is of red pressed brick, with gray foundation. The architecture is Doric in style and was designed by Joseph Nelson of Provo. The contract for the building also was awarded to a Provo man, James H. Snyder. The Midgley system of heating has been installed and the basement is equipped with a modern gymnasium, a good-sized stage with modern lighting facilities, and a sanitary drinking fountain. The main auditorium on the ground floor has a seating capacity of 300. There also is a Relief society hall, thoroughly furnished, seven separate classrooms, also a prayer circle room. There are several convenient lockers for storing supplies, a baptismal font of modern style, and a drinking fountain on the main floor.



Efficiency Reports

We call attention to the efficiency report of the Y. M. M. I. A. published in this number of the *Era*. We have received less than 50% of the reports from the stakes of Zion. The efforts made to obtain reports from the stake secretaries have been voided by the lack of reports sent in from the wards, which is a great indication that the ward secretaries are not as active as they should be in their duties. These reports should be sent from the ward at the close of the last meeting of each month, in time to reach the stake secretary during the early part of the month so that he may compile them and send them to the general office no later than the 5th of the month. The action is very simple, but requires promptness. If there is nothing to report in the ward, so state to the stake secretary; and if there is nothing to report from the stake, let such a report be sent to the general office. But let it be sent in on time, both from the ward and from the stake. If the record is properly kept in the ward, it is a very simple thing to make the report, and it can be done in a few moments at the close of the last meeting of the month. Report blanks are furnished monthly to each ward through the stake superintendent or secretary and stake reports are furnished to the stake officers in ample time for reporting.

"Era" and Fund

During the latter part of October and during November, the canvass for the *Improvement Era* in all the stakes should have been made by a live officer or member. It has been done in a number of them. The task is not onerous where the work has been properly organized. Where there is a stake that has not yet done this work, it should be immediately seen to, so that the subject may be closed. The general fund should have been collected at the opening of the season's work. If any wards or stakes have failed in this, they should be checked, and this work seen to. In this connection, Pima, Arizona, was the first ward in the Church to report 100%, with a membership of 97. In completing the canvass for the *Era* they were also first, in which they obtained 5% of the Church population paid in full, and received their cash rebate in October. We trust that the stakes that have not yet finished their work in these two items, the fund and the *Era*, will complete them this month.

Membership

We should make every effort to continue the membership of last year and add to it, so as to sustain the large numbers secured by missionary effort last year. From reports received the Senior classes need the greatest watchcare, and every effort should be made to get the young men into our association. A special campaign will likely be carried on, in some stakes, including special missionary work and conventions, during the month of December.

Consultation with Counselors

It has been suggested frequently that the assistants of the stake superintendent often fail to get an opportunity to consider the correspond-

ence from the general office. The superintendency should meet with their board and every letter and instruction from the general office should be discussed in such meetings, so that each officer may become conversant with the instructions therein, and also have a voice in the general policy and activities of the associations.

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, October, 1920

STAKE	Membership	Class Work	Special Activities Pr'gm	Scout Work	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Participation in M.I.A. Programs	Stake & Ward Officers' Meetings	Ward Officers' Meetings or Teach.-Tr. Class	TOTAL
Bear Lake	5	5	10	5	5	5	5	5	45
Benson	5	10	5	5	5	10	5	5	50
Big Horn	10	5	5	5	5	5	5	40
Bingham	5	5	10	5	5	5	5	5	5	50
Blaine	10	10	10	5	5	5	5	5	5	60
Boise	5	5	10	5	5	5	5	10	10	5	65
Box Elder	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	45
Cache	5	5	5	5	20
Cassia	10	10	5	5	5	5	5	10	5	60
Deseret	5	5	5	5	5	25
Fremont	5	10	10	5	5	5	5	5	5	55
Granite	5	10	5	5	10	5	10	5	55
Hyrum	5	5	5	5	10	10	5	45
Jordan	10	10	5	5	10	5	10	10	10	75
Juarez	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	80
Liberty	5	10	10	5	5	5	5	5	10	5	65
Logan	5	5	5	5	5	5	10	5	45
Maricopa	5	5	10	5	5	5	10	10	5	60
Moapa	5	10	10	5	5	5	5	10	5	60
Montpelier	10	5	10	10	5	10	5	5	60
North Weber	5	5	5	5	10	10	5	45
Ogden	5	10	10	5	10	5	10	10	65
Oneida	10	5	10	10	5	5	5	5	55
Panguitch	5	5	10	10	30
Pocatello	5	10	10	5	5	5	5	10	5	5	65
Portneuf	5	5	5	5	5	25
Salt Lake	5	5	5	5	10	30
Sevier	10	10	5	5	10	5	5	10	5	65
Shelley	5	5	10	10	5	5	5	45
Star Valley	10	10	5	10	5	5	10	55
Summit	5	5	5	5	5	25
Taylor	5	5	5	5	5	25
Tooele	5	5	5	5	5	5	30
Uintah	5	5	10	5	5	5	5	5	45
Union	5	5	10	5	5	10	40
Wasatch	5	5	10	5	5	5	35
Wayne	5	5	5	5	20
Yellowstone	10	10	10	5	10	5	5	10	5	5	75
Young	10	5	10	5	10	5	50

All the stakes are urged to "come in" on this report for November. Do not be satisfied with the excuse, "Couldn't get the report from the wards." Get secretaries who will attend to their work. Thirty-nine stakes reported above; not even an excuse came on time from the other 42. Send a report, whether any work has been done or not. Some reports may have been sent after Nov. 19, when this record closed.

PASSING EVENTS



King Ludwig III, of Bavaria, according to a Paris dispatch of Nov. 9, is reported dead, at the age of 75 years. He was born Jan. 7, 1845, and ascended the throne in Nov., 1913.

Tobacco smoking, according to government figures cost the United States for the year 1919, \$1,310,000,000, \$800,000,000 for cigarettes and \$510,000,000 for cigars. About \$750,000,000 was spent for cosmetics and perfumery.

The first League of Nations Assembly began its session at Geneva, Sunday, Nov. 14, with special services in all the churches. On Nov. 15, M. Paul Hymans, former foreign minister in the Belgian government, was elected permanent president of the League.

The Methodists, according to Dr. Carroll, now number 36,622,190 in all the world. There are 9,832,107 members of the church, the remainder being adherents and probationers who are members of Methodist families. The increase in the total of Methodists during the last nine years is given as 3,935,341.

Elder Serge F. Ballif, of Logan, left, Oct. 20, for Europe, having been called to preside over the Swiss and German mission, to take the place of Elder Augus J. Cannon, who has been honorably released. Mrs. Ballif and their daughter, Evelyn, accompany him. Elder Ballif presided over the mission for over six years, returning home in 1908, and is, therefore, well acquainted with the field to which he now has again been called.

Former President Wm. H. Taft occupied the Tabernacle pulpit, Oct. 25, in the evening, and delivered an exhaustive address, to a large and sympathetic audience, on the League of Nations and other issues, in the interest of the Republican campaign. At the same time, Colonel Charles M. Whittlesey, of the "lost battalion," and Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale, presented the Democratic views at the Salt Lake Theater.

Peter W. Maughan, of Logan, son of one of the early settlers of Cache county, passed away in that city. Oct. 14, at the age of 59 years. The cause of death was pneumonia. Receiving the news of his father's serious illness, his son, Lieutenant Russell L. Maughan, Utah's premier aviator during the war, left Mather field, Cal., on the morning of Oct. 14 at 8 o'clock by airplane, arriving in Logan at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, shortly after his father's death.

Samuel H. Sadler, who has lived in his little cottage, corner of Sixth Avenue and G street, Salt Lake City, for nearly fifty years, passed away Oct. 13, 82 years old. He used to tell his friends of the difficulties the first settlers on the "Bench" had to overcome. His house was one of very few in that locality. He used to carry water for drinking and culinary purposes in buckets a long distance, and provisions were brought up in the same way. He often carried a hundred pounds of flour "up the hill" from the business district.

Nearly 9,000 bodies of American soldiers who died or were killed

in France during the war, have been shipped to the United States and turned over to their nearest relatives, and 1,800 more await shipment at French ports, says a dispatch from Paris of Nov. 9, 1920. The bodies of several Utah soldier boys have arrived and during various dates in November were lovingly consigned to their last resting places near their home towns in their beloved valleys of the mountains.

A discovery of great importance to anthropologists was made during the last week of October at Martinez, Cal., a town on San Francisco bay, thirty or forty miles from San Francisco. While engaged in making excavations for sewers, workmen unearthed several skulls and one well-preserved skeleton, which are thought to be the relics of gigantic Indians who formerly lived in what is now California. The bones were found in a place apparently long ago used as a graveyard.

King Alexander of Greece died Oct. 25, due to wounds received one day in the first part of the month when he was attacked by a pet monkey. A report from Rome, Oct. 22, credited to Dr. Vidal, one of the king's physicians, says the monkey had been inoculated with rabies for the purpose of assassinating the monarch. Alexander succeeded to the throne in June, 1917, when his father, Constantine, thought it safest for himself to abdicate and leave the country. The deceased king was about 27 years old. Prince Paul, a younger brother of the late king, was proclaimed his successor, Oct. 29, by the Greek parliament.

Tuberculosis is to be fought with chaulmoogra oil, according to a dispatch from Washington, Oct. 15. Government experts say it has arrested the progress of leprosy. Dr. McDonald, superintending physician of the leprosy investigation station at Kallhi, Honolulu, has not yet made any formal report of his work with tuberculosis germs to officials at Washington, but unofficial reports from Honolulu quote him as saying that scientists at the University of California have discovered that the fatty acids of chaulmoogra oil are bactericidal to an acid fat bacillus, in which class are the leprosy and tuberculosis bacilli.

Utah's contribution will be fifteen per cent of the sugar beet crop of the United States, for this year, according to the estimate of the department of agriculture, Washington. The sugar beet crop of Utah is estimated at 1,341,000 tons, as against 1,016,000 tons last year. The total crop of the United States is estimated to be 8,970,000 tons. The condition of the Utah beet crop on October 1 was 96, or four points above the ten-year average. Idaho's beet crop is estimated at 501,000 tons this year, as against 203,000 tons in 1919, a 150 per cent increase over 1919.

About twenty-one million dollars will consequently be distributed to the farmers of Utah and Idaho for beets this season.

The Utah Workmen's Compensation Act was upheld as valid in every particular by the Supreme Court, Oct. 22, in the case of the Utah Copper Company against the Industrial Commission of Utah and others. On Jan. 2, 1919, Louis J. Rushton, a farmer, died as a result of accident occurring while he was employed by the Utah Copper Company in fixing the banks of the Salt Lake and Utah canal, to prevent its overflowing. He left a widow, Mrs. Julia C. Rushton, and several minor children. Another child was born some time after the death of the father. The commission awarded her and the minor children, including the unborn child, the death benefit prescribed by the compensation law in such cases. The case was appealed to the district court, and when the award was upheld there, to the Supreme court. In addition to the award of the commission, the copper company must pay interest on all payments now due from the time they became due, and also costs on the appeal. The decision was unanimous.

The fall edition of The No-Tobacco News is just off the press of The Magazine Company, Richards Street, Salt Lake City. On the front cover is an original cartoon by Jack Sears, the Utah artist, showing the big hand of civilization driving off cigarettes with a whip. Prof. J. M. Anderson and Bishop David R. Lyon have articles deploring the use of tobacco in public places; Dr. C. L. Olsen, secretary of the State Board of Medical Examiners, writes on "Bitter Lessons;" Dr. W. L. Gardner discusses the cigarette habit; Louis Ward contributes a fable entitled "The Weed," showing how the tobacco habit was comparatively unknown in Utah before the great Eastern tobacco companies started their campaign to popularize it in the state; Mrs. Hannah Ward Bennett writes a no-tobacco poem for the Juvenile Department, and there are editorials entitled "The Cigarette Must Go" and "Don't Sell It!"—The editor contributes a page of brief comments on various phases of tobacco and the war against it. This is the second edition of *The No-Tobacco News*. The editor is Fred L. W. Bennett, president of the State League, and it is published by Michael Mauss, the vice-president and treasurer.

Poultry expert tells how to recognize the profitable hen. There are people who can look a person over and tell rather accurately what kind of a man he is, but can you look a hen in the face and tell whether or not she has been a good layer or is going to be? The latter is a very simple matter—when you know how—according to Professor Byron Alder, the author of a circular recently published by the Utah Agricultural Experiment Station entitled, "How to cull a flock of hens." Egg-laying strains of poultry are highly bred animals, but low-producing birds are constantly appearing in flocks. The financial success of the poultryman depends in a large measure on eliminating such birds before they consume all the profit of the business. The most recent observations and experiments have shown that the good producer can be distinguished from the poor layer by rather simple observations which can be made by any individual. In summarizing the discussion Prof. Alder says: "The general appearance and actions of a fowl are important in estimating her values as a layer. The poor layers are lazy, inactive, spend considerable time on the perches and at feeding time stay on the farther side of the flock, as though ashamed to be seen. The good layer is healthy and active, has a good appetite, is not nervous or flighty, comes up close at feeding time, is usually singing and happy, and wants to be appreciated." The color of the shanks, beak, comb and wattles; the spread of the pubic bones, and abdominal capacity are some of the other qualities which are used in "spotting" the poor layer.

Ralph E. Lewis, 23 years of age, son of Judge and Mrs. Thomas D. Lewis, and J. Morris Christensen, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Christensen, on Sept. 26, were announced by B. H. Jacobsen of the L. D. S. university, secretary of the Utah state committee of selection of Rhodes scholarships, as the successful applicants in the annual designation of students from Utah. Ralph E. Lewis was born at Salt Lake twenty-three years ago. He entered the University of Utah in 1918, making mathematics his major work, returning in 1919 and entering the law school of that institution. He stood exceptionally high in all his studies, making an excellent class record. In December, 1917, he joined the air service of the United States army and, after graduation, in 1918, left Salt Lake for his post in the army aviation school on the Pacific coast. He completed his aviation training as fourth in his squadron as a pilot and a second lieutenant's commission was issued him. He returned to continue his studies at the University of Utah in the year 1919-1920, taking up law work, and when he enters

Oxford university it will be to enter the school of jurisprudence. He is appointed for three years and will go into a residence at Oxford in Jan., 1921. *J. Morris Christensen*, was born at Newton, Cache county, Utah, being the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Christensen of Logan, where he now lives. Young Christensen attended the Brigham Young college, at Logan, making an excellent record in classwork, as well as participating in student activities. In the spring of 1918 he left the university to enter the army, and in September of that year he received his commission as second lieutenant. After being released from the army, he entered the Utah Agricultural college at Logan. His Rhodes scholarship begins October, 1921.

The death of Horace G. Whitney, on Oct. 25, came as a great surprise to his many friends, although it had been known that his health for some time had been failing. Elder Whitney has for many years been prominent in business, dramatic and literary circles in Utah. He was born in Salt Lake City, January 6, 1858, the son of Newell K. Whitney, who was appointed the first bishop "unto the Church" in Kirtland, by revelation given Dec. 4, 1831. He engaged in newspaper work early in life, and for a time was city editor and later manager of the Salt Lake Herald in the 80's. In the 90's he became connected with *The Deseret News* as music and dramatic critic when the paper was under lease to the Cannon brothers. Upon the expiration of the lease, Jan. 1, 1899, control of the paper returned to the Church and Mr. Whitney was made business manager, a position he held until April 15, 1920, when his resignation was accepted by the First Presidency. In addition to the management of the paper, Mr. Whitney also edited the dramatic and musical department of the *News*, a work for which he was specially adapted by his association with early-day dramatic productions in Utah.

For many years Mr. Whitney was secretary and treasurer of the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company; he had been associated with the sugar industry of the state since its beginning. He was also vice president of the Utah Home Fire Insurance Company; a director of the Heber J. Grant Company, of which he was manager and secretary for a number of years, and a director of the Deseret National Bank, the Hotel Utah and the Bonneville-on-the Hill Company. In addition to these places he held a number of active ward and stake positions in the Church. For more than 35 years he was leader of the Eighteenth ward choir. In the organization of the L. D. S. school of music he took a most active part. For the last few months he read an interesting paper each month to the High Priests of the Ensign stake, on current events. Mrs. Whitney, his wife, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Beatie. She was with her husband when death came, as were their children, Mrs. Marion Whitney Felt, Horace B. Whitney, and Frank Whitney. Funeral services were held in the Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, Oct. 28.

With the death of Terence MacSwiney, lord mayor of Cork, Ireland, at Brixton prison, Oct. 25, the most famous "hunger strike" on record came to an end, as far as the central figure in it was concerned. MacSwiney was prominent among the Sinn Feiners during the Easter revolt in 1916, when the country was at war with Germany and her allies. He was imprisoned at that time. But on March 30, 1920, he was elected mayor of the city of Cork. On Aug. 12, 1920, he was arrested and later tried before a court-martial which found him guilty of having control of the secret police cipher, of having in his possession a document likely to cause disaffection, namely, a copy of a resolution of the Cork corporation pledging allegiance to the Dail Eireann, the Irish Republican parliament, and of having made a seditious speech on the occasion of his election. He was sentenced to

two years' imprisonment. Ten associates were arrested at the same time, while attending a session of the Sinn Fein court. MacSwiney refused to recognize the jurisdiction of the court and maintained that the members were liable to prosecution under the laws of the "Irish republic." As a protest he began the hunger strike on Aug. 12, when he was arrested. One of his associates, Michael Fitzgerald, died Oct. 17, and the remains were followed to their last resting-place by seven hundred Irish volunteers and a large concourse of people. Some of the other strikers were so low at that time that the end was expected any moment. The case attracted world-wide attention.

Two questions arose out of the situation, one political and one theological: (1) Could the king pardon the prisoners against the advice of his ministers? (2) Could the clergymen who regard suicide as a crime consistently administer the Sacrament to the hunger strikers? Opinions were divided on both these questions. The view expressed by the British government, Sept. 8, was that the release of the strikers would open to any person imprisoned on any similar offense, the use of the case of the lord mayor as a precedent with good hope of securing release and the opportunity to repeat the acts which led to his incarceration. Former Premier Asquith said on the same date: "I think the decision to allow the lord mayor of Cork to die in prison is a political blunder of the first magnitude. I would gladly intervene if any appeal of mine could lead even now to wiser counsels prevailing, but I fear that the latest declaration of the minister precludes any such hope."

Harley Mowrey, Sr., the last survivor of the Mormon Battalion, passed away at his home in Vernal, Oct. 20, at the ripe age of 98 years. He was born at Burrillville, near Providence, R. I., August 9, 1822. His great-grandfather purchased the site of Providence from the Indians. At the age of 14 years, Mr. Mowrey met with an accident which might easily have cost him his life. He had climbed a tree and when on a limb fifty-five feet above ground the limb broke and he fell the entire distance to the ground. Word went out that he had been killed and neighbors hastened to the scene, but the lad regained consciousness, and appeared none the worse for his experience. When 17 years of age Mr. Mowrey joined the Church, and shortly after went to Nauvoo, where he spent the greater part of his time working upon the temple. His home was directly across the street from that of the Prophet Joseph Smith. After serving six months as a missionary in New Hampshire, Mr. Mowrey returned to Nauvoo. He was a member of the artillery company and left Nauvoo with the Saints when they began their exodus to the west in February, 1846.

In July, 1846, at Council Bluffs, Iowa, Mr. Mowrey enlisted in the Mormon battalion and went with the battalion to Santa Fe, N. M., returning to Pueblo, Colo., with a sick detachment and spending the winter of 1846-47 in the Colorado city. In the spring of 1847 the march to Salt Lake was resumed, and Mr. Mowrey and other members of the battalion arrived in this city, July 29, five days after President Brigham Young and his band of pioneers had entered the valley.

On the way to Salt Lake, July 4, 1847, at Independence Rock, in Wyoming, Mr. Mowrey married Martha Jane Sharp, widow of Norman Sharp, also a member of the battalion, who died from a gunshot wound, accidentally inflicted by himself, while on the march to Santa Fe. Mrs. Sharp also returned to Pueblo with the sick detachment, and it was here that a daughter, Sarah Ellen Sharp, was born. This daughter, now the widow of Marion C. Thoms, always looked upon Mr. Mowrey as her father, and for several years she has cared for her stepfather and her mother.

Upon his arrival in Salt Lake, Mr. Mowrey was mustered out of service, and in 1850 accompanied Elders C. C. Rich and Amasa Lyman to Cali-

fornia, where he joined his parents at San Francisco and remained for two years. Later he removed to San Bernardino and remained until called back to Utah by the advent of Johnston's army.

After his return to Utah Mr. Mowrey resided for a time at Centerville, but in 1864 was called to accompany Elder Rich and aid in the settlement of Bear Lake valley, Idaho. His home at that time was in what is now known as Paris. When Bear Lake stake was organized Mr. Mowrey was made a member of the high council and held that position until he removed to this city in 1885. He also was a high councilor of Uintah stake for many years. In addition to his aged widow, Mr. Mowrey is survived by seven children, forty-one grandchildren, ninety-four great-grandchildren and thirty great-great-grandchildren.

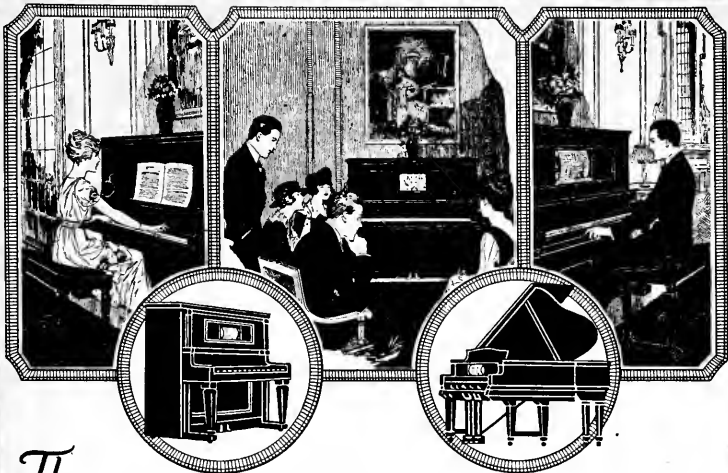
An overwhelming Republican victory was the result of the elections, Nov. 2, this year, in a majority of the states of the Union. As a result, Senator Warren G. Harding and Governor Calvin Coolidge will be the next President and Vice President of the United States, respectively. Senator Reed Smoot was reelected in Utah by a sweeping majority, and Charles R. Mabey was chosen for the governorship of the state, while Colton and E. O. Leatherwood were selected for Congress. A unique feature of this year's election was the voting of Mrs. Sophia M. Christensen, of Salt Lake City. She was the first mother in the state who had an opportunity of casting her ballot for her own son, Parley P. Christensen, Farmer-Labor Party Candidate for president of the United States. She is blind and well advanced in years, but she enjoyed the privilege highly. The following are the official figures:

<i>For Harding.</i>		<i>For Cox.</i>	
	Nevada	3	
Arizona	3	New Hampshire	4
California	13	New Jersey	14
Colorado	6	New York	45
Connecticut	7	North Dakota	5
Delaware	3	Ohio	24
Idaho	4	Oregon	5
Illinois	29	Pennsylvania	38
Indiana	15	Rhode Island	5
Iowa	13	South Dakota	5
Kansas	10	Tennessee	12
Maine	6	Utah	4
Maryland	8	Vermont	4
Massachusetts	18	Washington	7
Michigan	15	West Virginia	8
Minnesota	12	Wisconsin	13
Missouri	18	Wyoming	3
Montana	4		
Nebraska	8	Total	391

Electoral vote, 531. Necessary to a choice, 266.

New Mexico and Oklahoma were still in doubt when these figures were compiled.

The vote in Utah was as follows:		For governor:	
		Taylor	43,233
		Mabey	65,256
For president:		For congress, First district:	
Cox	43,950	Funk	19,019
Harding	64,582	Colton	30,314
For senator:		Second district:	
Welling	44,562	Thomas	24,887
Smoot	64,184	Leatherwood	33,955



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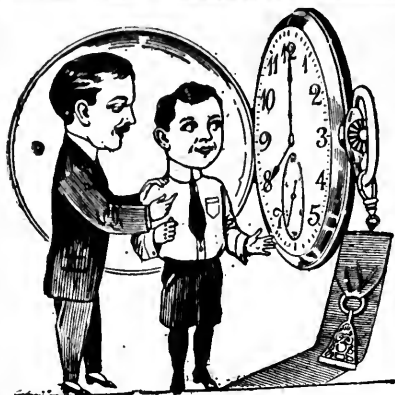
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Edward H. Anderson, *Business Mgr.*
Moroni Snow, *Assistant*

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Elder Z. Reed Miller, Berkley, Cala., writes under date of October 18: "We are having much success in our Mutual Improvement association this season and are endeavoring to make it well worth the time spent by anyone coming out to our classes. We find the *Era* an indispensable asset to our work."

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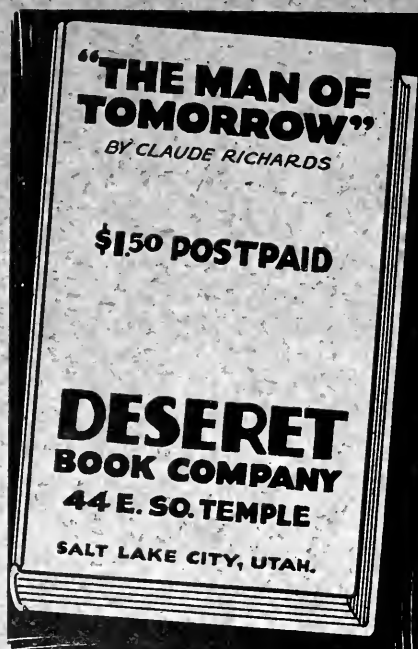
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